THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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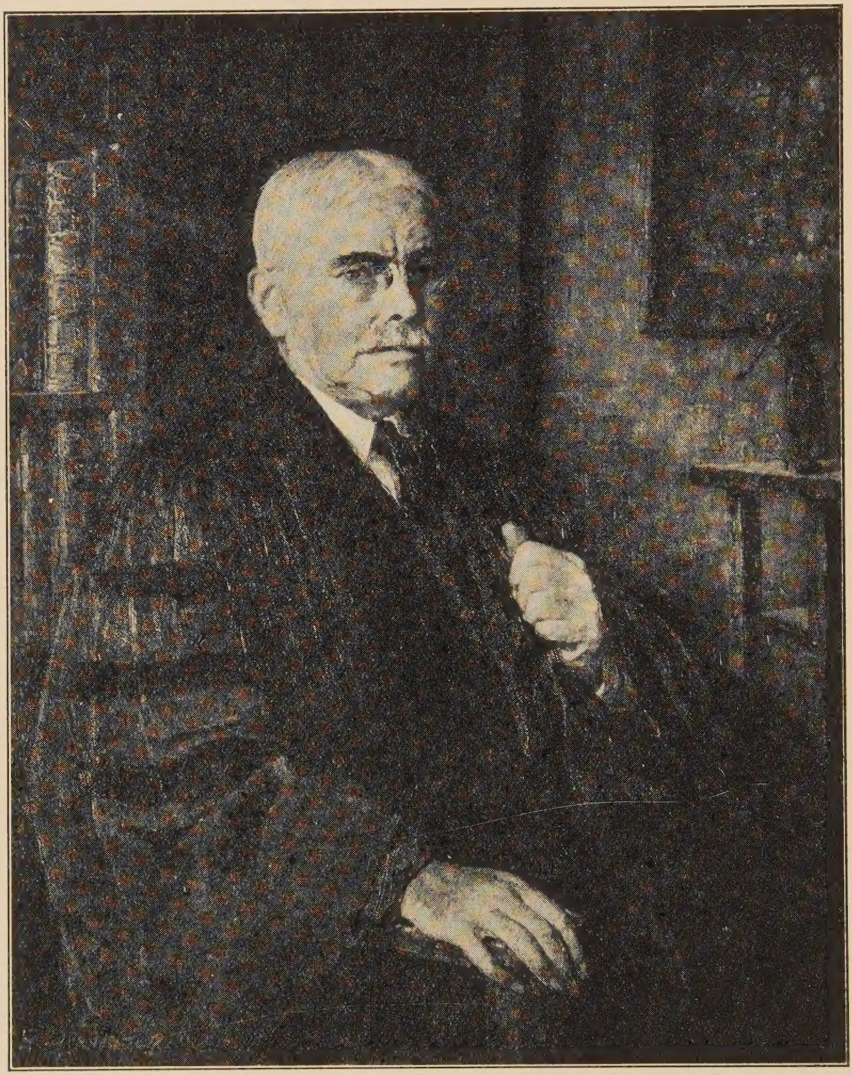

From a painting by Mrs. R. Brewster

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE

December 26, 1871 — April 17, 1933

President of The Shakespeare Association of America,
1923-1933

In Memoriam

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Shakespeare Association of America the following Resolution was unanimously adopted and ordered spread on the Minutes and published in the next issue of the BULLETIN:

Resolved: That in the death, on April 17, 1933, of our beloved President, ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE, the Shakespeare Association of America has sustained an irreparable loss to the membership as well as to the directors and officers who had constant close contact with him and who knew his deep interest in the Association's every aim and purpose.

The instant and unanimous choice for President of those who incorporated and organized the Association, he was always ready to give his time, his thougght, his counsel, and his influence to furthering its progress and development. It was his earnest wish to gather into its membership and sphere of influence not only those of ripe Shakespearean Scholarship, but also the vast number of students whose increasing knowledge of Shakespeare will (he hoped) prove a spiritual solace in time of need and transform them into Shakespeare lovers. Always liberal in thought and policy, generously considerate of the opinions of others, to work with him was an inspiration, and the best tribute we can pay his memoroy is to make a determined effort to "carry on" as he would wish the work so lovingly begun and so well founded.

No words can adequately describe our loss, but Shakespeare himself has characterized him:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world — "This was a man."

Be It Further Resolved:

That the Board of Directors of the Shakespeare Association of America express for themselves and the entire membership their sympathy for the grief of the suddenly bereft family of Dr. Thorndike, and that a copy of this Resolution be sent to Mrs. Thorndike.

Ashley Horace Thorndike

IN THE death, on April 17th, of Ashley Horace Thorndike, Professor of English in the Faculty of Philosophy since 1906, Columbia University has suffered an irreparable loss. During these twenty-seven years he has acted as executive officer of the Department of English, which, under his direction, has steadily increased in numbers and importance. He has also filled other administrative positions of responsibility, in which his sound judgment, exact knowledge, and broad sympathy have been constantly manifested. Faculty and students alike have always found in him a friend rather than an official, and his wise counsels and keen insight have been unreservedly placed at the service of those in need of guidance. Few men have had so comprehensive a grasp of the varied activities of the University, or a deeper interest in everything concerning it.

He has in the meantime distinguished himself as a scholar, winning a reputation not merely national but international. In a remarkable series of books and monographs he has done much to illumine the drama in general and the English drama in particular, as well as the poetry and prose of the nineteenth century and the general development of literature at the present day. His writing is marked by wide and accurate information, sanity, keen insight, and charm of expression. Furthermore, he has been a guide and inspiration to scores of young men and women, many of whom have since gained wide recognition as teachers and investigators in English. Probably no man in Columbia University has done more than he in the last quarter century to advance the cause of education, both in the higher and the lower levels, and to further the best ends of productive scholarship. He had none of the aloofness of the specialist, but a broad and catholic sympathy with culture in general. He was, in the best sense of the phrase, a citizen of the world.

A review of the main events of his life will serve to indicate the general nature of his accomplishment. He was born in Houlton, Maine, in 1871, and educated at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, and at Harvard. In 1899 he married Miss Annette Marian Lowell of Hatfield, Massachusetts. He is survived by two children, Marian (Mrs. George W. Hibbitt) and Ashley. Between 1892 and 1902 he was successively principal of Smith Academy in Hatfield, Massachusetts, instructor in Boston University, and instructor and associate professor in Western Reserve University. From 1902 to 1906 he was professor of English at Northwestern University. In 1906 he became professor of English at Columbia. His doctoral dissertation, "The Influence

of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare," which corrected widespread misapprehensions in regard to the later plays, was one of the most important contributions ever made to our knowledge of the great English dramatist. "The Facts about Shakespeare," published in 1915, served as an introduction to *The Tudor Shakespeare,* edited in collaboration with William Allan Neilson. In the following year he published "Shakespeare's Theater," a singularly original and challenging work. Beside this may be placed two other books, surveying respectively the field of English tragedy and English comedy. In 1927 he was invited by the British Academy to deliver the annual Shakespeare lecture in London. In both "History of English Literature," and "Literature in a Changing Age," he dealt with general aspects of the subject and with special developments in the nineteenth century. His latest book, "The Outlook for Literature" (1931), is a penetrating analysis of tendencies at the present time.

This summary by no means exhausts all of his published work, some of which dealt with the teaching of English in schools and colleges, or appeared as articles in periodicals. He was also active in preparing carefully edited reprints of English classics. For many years he has been a highly valued adviser of the Macmillan Company. At a dinner given in his honor a year ago, a high tribute was paid to his services by a member of the editorial staff of that firm. In 1927 he was president of the Modern Language Association, and at the time of his death was vice-president of National Institute of Arts and Letters and president of the Shakespeare Association of America.

No review of his life is adequate which does not in some measure suggest his great personal charm and kindliness, his keen sense of humor, and his broad and ready sympathy. He was the best of friends, and the circle of those in many walks of life who valued his friendship was very wide. No one ever went to him for help and was turned away. He divested administrative work of the mechanical routine into which it so easily falls, and brought to each problem not only long experience and sound common sense, but the riches of his sincere and lovable personality. Some years ago, in extending an academic farewell to an old and beloved colleague, he wrote a poem, the following lines of which may serve to express our deep sense of the great change which his passing will bring in our lives:

> Without you all familiar things would change,
> And places old and dear seem new and strange.

GEORGE C. ODELL,
FRANKLIN T. BAKER,
WILLIAM W. LAWRENCE.

April 21, 1933.

Shylock

By FRANK W. CADY

SHYLOCK has been one of the most repellent and one of the most fascinating of Shakespeare's characters. We are fascinated because in spite of his villainy he arouses our sympathies, and we are lost in a maze of conjectures why this is so. How many of us would resent the phrase, "That villainous old Jew, Shylock," as an adequate description of him! There is about him a deep-seated humanity of which such a phrase takes no account. Of course, Shakespeare built him upon the conventional Jew pattern of his day, keeping close to actuality as the men of his day saw it. How he transfused his old Jew with humanity is the mystery of genius, ever fascinating, ever alluring.

The phrase, "That villainous old Jew, Shylock," incorporates the three characteristics which are the tokens of actuality in the character of Shylock, and which give us the timeless humanity which is so fascinating. He is old; is a villain; he is a Jew. That Shakespeare never repeats is an old and foolish adage. Far truer is it to say that he always repeats. Take this matter of the old man. Through his plays there runs a succession of them: petulant Capulet, talkative Polonius, tragic Lear, delightful Gonzalo, and many others. Many of them approach senility. Some, like Lear, are openly accused of it. The majority have daughters who cause them heart-burning anxiety. Over and over again, with subtle variations, Shakespeare repeats this basic pattern, until it is quite conventionalized. This is also true of his villains. He has bad men who are simply bad; some, like Macbeth, who are heroic. But when he wants the audience to know he is creating a villain, he draws each one true to a pattern of his own designing, distinguishing each by an individual treatment of detail. Each boasts, to begin with, that he is a villain. Each picks his victim and pursues him implacably to the end. Each feels himself socially ostracised. Is it not possible that in creating Shylock Shakespeare planned him as a combination of these two patterns with a third, the Jew, which be borrowed in some few details from other dramatists but much more from the opinion of the time? The third is taken directly from life. Is Shylock human because of this? Such a possibility definitely challenges the imagination.

Shylock himself confesses that he is old. He tells Launcelot, his man, who is transferring his services to a new master, that he will see

> "The difference between old Shylock and Bassanio."

yet that is hardly evidence enough to prove senility. A man might well feel

older than he is, if he has upon his heart a young and blooming daughter, intent upon asserting her personality in love. Indeed, it is these daughters whom Shakespeare uses to expose the senility of their fathers. How childishly petulant old Capulet is at Juliet's refusal to marry Paris: Juliet, who has just returned from marrying Romeo in secret, only to see him sent into exile for killing her cousin Tybalt in a brawl.

> Wife, we scarce thought us blest
> That God had lent us but this only child;
> But now I see this one is one too much
> And that we have a curse in having her.
> Out on her, hilding!

Brabantio, too, has a daughter, Desdemona, who has secretly married Othello, the Moor. A more pathetic figure than Capulet, he expresses his sorrow quite as childishly as the other expresses his impatience.

> For your sake, jewel,
> I am glad at soul I have no other child,
> For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
> To hang clogs on them.

Here alo may be mentioned the failure of old Egeus, who because of a Midsummernight's madness could not succeed in marrying his daughter, Hermia, to Demetrius; or the abject sorrow of Leonato before he discovered that the charges brought by Claudio at the marriage altar against his daughter, Hero, were verily much ado about nothing. Ophelia did not, in disobedience to her father, continue to receive Hamlet's attentions. Better had it been for her had she done so. But Polonius, "that great baby—not yet out of his swaddling-clouts," feared she would and unpacked his soul of words to stop her.

The cue to this reaction, common to all the old men, is doubtless to be found in the cause assigned by Goneril for the unreasoning anger with which Lear has banished Cordelia:

> "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them."

In other words, he is in his second childhood; a thing to be feared by those who grow old. There comes with loss of physical vigor, a loss of emotional control. The man who loves words becomes over-talkative; the quick-tempered man easily gives way to wrath; parental admonition becomes mere petulance. When these men assert themselves before their daughters it is their ill-controlled emotions which betray their senility either to ridicule or to pity. In each case it is revealed by the same signs, though its results are as varied

as their personalities. Among these senile old men Shylock must be classed whenever he breaks into peevish protest against his daughter's treatment of him.

It is quite evident that the Christians in Venice were satisfied from the start that Shylock was a villain. At the end of their first conversation with him Bassanio says to Antonio,

> "I like not fair terms and a villain's mind."

It is further evident that Shylock himself acknowledges his villainy. To the Christians he says:

> "The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

But, after all, the method Shakespeare takes to present his villainy is the best sign that he intends this man to be a villain. Shakespeare's villains have one most evident characteristic: they proclaim themselves villains early and sometimes often. As villains they all have two predominant qualities. One is a sense of social ostracism; the other a cold will backed by the keenest intellectual power. Ostracism makes them cynical materialists and their materialism dominates their wills and intellects. The result is a callous imperviousness to mercy whenever their victims are in their power. Such a villain is Richard III. Bodily deformity cuts him off from all the pleasures of society. It is no detriment in war; but wars are over and the court is now devoting itself to lighter things. These are not for him. No pleasure is left him but that of villainy.

> And, therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
> To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
> I am determined to prove a villain
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Villains, too, are Don John and Edmund, cut off from society because they are illegitimate; and chief of them all is Iago, cut off from his expected place by the arbitrary advancement of a favorite. They stand aloof and watch the world go by until each picks his victim toward whose destruction each one moves with a deliberate and overwhelming malice. Unmerciful they are, because they feel the world has shown them no mercy; but more because there is no mercy in their souls. Richard chooses as his victims all who stand between him and the crown. Don John, in *Much Ado,* uses the gullible Claudio and Hero, the innocent, to attack his half-brother, Don Pedro, whom he hates; Edmund, in *Lear,* turns his malice upon his legitimate brother, Edgar, that he may acquire Edgar's patrimony; Iago preys with inveterate malice upon the "free and open nature" of Othello. Thus it is also with Shylock, whose vil-

lany picks Antonio as its victim, and would have hounded him to his death because he was a Christian, and because he "lent out money gratis," bringing down the rate of interest in Venice.

In constructing Shylock's complex personality, Shakespeare has thus far been following his own patterns of the old man and the villain. There have been conventional old men in drama before, but none quite like his. No one else hit upon that apt device, a disobedient daughter, for bringing out in his old men their encroaching second childhood. There have also been villains in drama before, but no one else built his villains out of men whose sense of social ostracism leads them, with perfect callousness, to vent upon another human being revenge for man's injustice. The third element in this complexity is the Jew. That he is a Jew Shylock himself confesses and we all know. But Shakespeare drew no other Jews, so he had no developed pattern of his own to follow. Except for possible hints from Marlowe, he made his pattern follow the current conceptions of the Jewish character. These were, in general, well-defined. Fundamentally the Jew was a social outcast on religious and economic grounds. This attitude the dramatist had to accept. But the other side of the picture is equally significant and bears witness to the purging and energizing power of Shakespeare's imagination. He sensed the fact that the Jew matched the ostracism inflicted by the Christians with an equal pride in his race, his religion, and his business acumen; and that he looked upon the Christians with profound contempt. His ancient ritual and the purity of his blood made him scorn men who, compared with him, were a mixture of all known races, and the inheritors, as he believed, of a debased religious superstition. Out of this there sprang an intolerance of Christians often as terrible in its effects as the cynical materialism of Shakespeare's typical stage villains. These are the basic qualities, derived from common opinion and his own illuminating imagination, which Shakespeare conceived the Jew to have. To these there was added another as a corollary and as a release for the much-loved habit of Jew-baiting. To the Christian the Jew's business acumen was motivated by avarice. This avarice he doubtless had. But who would not? The Christians denied the Jews the right of property in land and envied them the wealth in money and in jewels which they gathered in its stead. Because they clung to these things as their only means for worldly well-being, the Christians called them avaricious, and made this vice the weakness in their character which could be played upon with the most malicious humor. It was fiendish delight they took in Jew-baiting.

Out of these patterns Shakespeare set himself to make one harmonious design. The basic pattern was probably the Jew, already similar to the villain

in the detail of social ostracism; though the ostracism of the Jew was first racial, then individual, that of the villain was only individual. Its striking difference from the villain pattern lay in the fact that the Jew was not primarily a cynical individualist, but a man of intense religious loyalty, faithful to the details of an exacting ritualism. His cynicism was the result of the treatment Christians had accorded him. It arose out of a prolonged history of persecution and contempt. It did not affect his whole range of experience as did the materialistic cynicism of the villain. It was directed only toward the Christians whom the Jew doubtless thought grossly materialistic. The thing which really motivated his life was pride in his race, his religion, and his skill in merchandizing. The Christians professed hatred of his religion, as the motive in attacking him; but directed their attacks against his property. Such hypocrisy invites cynicism in its victims; and the Jew found the defense of his property was also a defense of his religion. Each must be defended to the utmost. Were he an ordinary man this defense would doubtless exhaust itself in sullen rage and vain scolding. But if he were endowed with that sternness of will and keenness of intellect which Shakespeare imparted to his stage villains, the result would be the same as though intellect and will were motivated by the most cynical materialism. He would be merciless, as Iago was merciless. He would discover the weakness of his victim and find an exquisite pleasure in torturing him through them, both in mind and body. As Iago played upon the "free and open nature" of Othello, so Shylock would make Antonio's friendship for Bassanio the avenue of his attack. Thus the Jew would become the villain. Both would be drawn as social outcasts. In the villain that would engender a grossly materialistic attitude toward the world. He was alone among millions. The Jew would find growing in him an ardent loyalty to race and religion. He would have his race behind him. For that more than for himself he would desire to do his act of vengeful villainy. But the results upon the victim of their vengeance would in both cases be the same. The individual would find poured out upon himself their pent-up hatred of his class.

It was thus Shakespeare made his Jew a villain. The Venetians feel that there is something malignant about Shylock. He must be purged like a disease. He has two things against Antonio: he is a Christian and he "lends out money gratis." If he can so play upon Antonio's friendship for Bassanio as to get this Christian to sign his "merry bond" he can "feed fat the ancient grudge" he bears him. This is worth more than gold to Shylock. Towards it he directs every energy of his scheming intellect, buoyed by the hope that Antonio's adventures abroad may be disastrous. He has made the bond fool-

proof, as he thinks. The penalty will be Antonio's death. Upon himself there can be no possible reaction. So, with stern and undeviating will, merciless, he moves to his revenge. Assured and confident, he may be old, but he is not weak as he approaches the supreme moment of his career, when all the heaped-up memories of contempt and hatred will be released in one final act of gloating torture upon his victim.

In this figure, thus far drawn, there is no hint either of senility or of avarice, except as Shylock complains that Antonio's attitude "brings down the rate of usance here in Venice." Nothing, not even the offer of twice the amount of the bond can deter him from his vengeance. His adamantine will cannot be undermined by such a frontal attack as that. But Shylock has a daughter whose disloyalty takes him unawares. At a moment when he is off his guard, dining with the Christians in furtherance of his villainous designs, another Christian steals away his daughter, and with his daughter thousands of ducats and priceless jewels which she has taken. He had told his fear to her:

> I am right loath to go,
> There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest
> For I did dream of money-bags to-night!

But his enemy is of his own household. It is here, caught unawares by this unwarranted assault upon his family and his wealth, that he reveals encroaching second childhood. Here his will is caught off guard, and his emotions overwhelm him. His cry,

> My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

reverberates throughout Venice. He is virtually beside himself. Parental authority, love of money, both have been shockingly abused while his attention has been concentrated upon weightier things. Nor is his emotion quieted as he sees the Christians standing by and making fun of him. In revenge for this it will go hard with Antonio. But it gives the audience its longed-for chance to bait the Jew, or see him baited.

There may seem to be inconsistencies in Shylock's character. Could a senile old man hold so inflexible a purpose as he did with regard to Antonio? Or would a man of so inflexible a purpose allow himself to be overcome, even in old age, by a daughter's disobedience? But this inconsistency need not bother us very much—it is more apparent than real. At the end old age triumphs over the inflexible will and the keen intellect. Shylock is not alone a victimizer of others; he is himself a victim. It is an old and broken man who leaves the trial scene; thwarted in every move by triumphant youth gloating over his terrible overthrow. A young and beautiful Daniel has given judgment against him. Youth triumphs over age, an inevitable victory; but in that

defeat old age triumphs over intellect and will. This beaten human being, wicked as he may have been, turns pitiful in his hour of defeat. He is Shakespeare's most human villain. We cannot turn from him in disregard, as did the members of the Venetian court, and let him go about his business, sick and forgotten, seeking forlorn shelter in his deserted home. He has lingered with us and roused our imaginations for three hundred and more years.

Thus, as he makes his end, Shylock appeals to our hearts. Why, it is difficult to determine. Sometimes we take refuge from the difficulty by wondering whether Shakespeare himself could have told just how it came about. It may be he was himself surprised at the pity Shylock seemed to arouse. Perhaps he would even confess that he builded better than he knew. This three-fold pattern contains two elements which had been tested by frequent use upon the stage until they had become conventional stage figures. The third was directly out of the life of the street. In it the common man spoke his opinion of a race. Is it possible that the Jewish element has humanized Shylock? Does he come to life because he is a Jew?

There is something diabolical about most of Shakespeare's villains. They move so unerringly to the accomplishment of their inhuman purposes that they seem devils, not men. It is also characteristic of them that their motives are private motives. Their ostracism is a deeply personal affair. Their revenge also is personal; but it is so terrible that no personal motive seems adequate to explain it. Thus they appear to us as abnormal men. How true this is of Iago, whose torture of Othello's soul so far transcends any actual or fanciful injury he may have received! A villain may have motives, but once they become operative there is called into activity something back of them in the villain's nature, a quality of spirit born in him, unreasoning and unreasonable, which finds a devilish delight in torture of his victim for the torture's sake. Such a villain Shylock would be were his ostracism only personal. But his is a racial ostracism; he is one of thousands. There is something in it greater than the individual, something which excuses an overwhelming vengeance, even palliates delight in seeing its victims tortured. His race speaks through Shylock:

> "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?"

What is more, humanity speaks through Shylock. Hatred of his race is treason toward our common humanity. The motive which directs Shylock is vastly

more than a personal whim. It is pride of race, appeal to a common humanity, a challenge to the fundamentals of all religion. What a strange paradox! The outcast Jew has come to stand for the common worth and dignity of all mankind. As a villain he is merciless, as an avaricious old father he is ridiculous, as a Jew he is a man.

Humanity is always striving blindly, vainly, often wickedly, against intolerance. It knows not where to strike wisely, and so it often does wicked deeds in its despair. It is this common experience which we recognize in Shylock's impotent and villainous outbreak. Whether we perceive it consciously or not, it is this with which we sympathize. His cause was good though his attack was evil. This is the paradox of his humanity. "That villainous old Jew, Shylock," is only partly true. Would it not be more nearly true to say, 'That villainous old Jewish champion of our common humanity, Shylock'?

Shakespeare by Men Only

By W. P. REEVES

MANY years ago,—in 1901, to be exact,—I found it desirable to provide entertainment once a year at Commencement time in a small college remote from places of amusement. I had the senior class of from fifteen to twenty-five men to do with as I liked. About that time there had been the joyful discovery at Harvard and in California of the amusement to be got by men out of the old farce, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.* Our stage in the gymnasium was bare; the scenery, which we dispensed with, a set of lurid canvasses for an interior. We put on the *Knight,* and next year Buckingham's *Rehearsal.*

Then we ventured into Shakespeare. As men had to play women's roles I selected *The Taming of the Shrew* on the guess that Katherine might be effectively, if farcically, interpreted by a boy. In that case any amount of horse-play with Katherine would not jump the bounds of good taste. And so it proved: in working out the play there was felt to be no incongruity in the rough stuff clearly implied in the text. The audience, in whose ear prosperity lay, knew that Katherine was a boy; whatever illusion might be created that Katherine was a girl was always on the edge of farce. Such sympathy as would be aroused for any actress was not for her. The effect was therefore utterly different from that produced by an actress in the role.

I shall never forget the revelation of Shakespeare's purpose in this experience. We gave other plays of Shakespeare, each trial confirming me in the conviction that I had got hold of something either taken for granted or ignored in the solemn tomes of criticism. For example, the masculine character of many of Shakespeare's 'heroines' is a commonplace. Not so the small percentage of female roles in his plays,—a little over 3%. He could not, or did not, fill up the stage with women. In *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* they are reduced to a minimum. Not every actor in the troupe could be given a feminine role; presumably—and one who ever tried it will know—only a few boys could fill the part with any illusory effect. Rosalind and Portia and Jessica, *inter aliis,* would put no undue strain upon a boy to pretend to be entirely what he was not, even in women's clothes. The change to boys' or men's costumes thus became a convenient device, and, with mistaken identity, effective.

Actresses have told me that Shakespearean roles were peculiarly difficult not only because of the perfect elocution required, but also because of the kind of thing said and done. Naturally,—the script was not written for women. When a lovely girl plays a Shakespearean part there is no illusion about the

girl. She is the real thing. She is in no danger of the farcical outburst when the audience remembers that she is no girl but a boy.

A book would be necessary to take up in detail the dramatic effects produced by actresses in those parts. Many years went by before Pepys saw in amazement his house-maid taking a part in a stage-play. The older plays had to be adapted for actresses. Before the War the Germans had done much to show how the text and structure was altered in the Eighteenth Century. The grotesque scene between Richard and Anne (*Richard III*) is much more tolerable if a boy plays Anne. Ophelia, played by a boy, is no Ophelia of modern tradition. Many a speech in Shakespeare is, to say the least, distinctly unpleasant in the mouth of a woman. They are scarcely more tolerable in the mouth of a boy; but in that case the make-believe is felt. This is almost intentionally thrown out in lines of Sly's Induction which I need not specify. And a reader will supply many examples.

This note is not even ancillary to Shakespearean scholarship. But truth compels me to add that in interpreting Shakespeare with men only, most amateurishly, no doubt, and with every sort of limitation, I had a curious sense of intimacy with Shakespeare which no university training or later study of 'sources' ever gave me. Such experience does not add to one's complacency; the play as finally staged is indeed caviare to the general; it will be on the edge of farce where a personable actress, with the sympathy of the audience flowing to her as to a real woman, would make it every line a tragedy. The experience is well worth trying, even if it well-nigh unfits one for taking as seriously as intended the philosophical criticism of so distinguished a writer as Professor Bradley. Such a statement is certainly unconventional; yet so far from derogating from the achievement of Shakespeare the creator of plays for recreation and amusement, an interpretation of these plays by men only will make the wonder grow.

Shakespeare's Mother's House

By R. W. BABCOCK

MARY ARDEN'S cottage at Wilmcote, three miles by rail northwest of Stratford, has been open to the public (in its restored state) only since April 4, 1931. I note this historical fact merely to account for a typically American desire to see something which the folks back home had never seen. It was September 6, 1931, when my pilgrimage to this newly established memento of the Great Bard took place.

There are apparently two ways for poor tourists—school teachers, etc.—to get to Wilmcote: the most obvious is by train (it is the first station out of Stratford); the second is to have the police sergeant (he was a sergeant that day) put you on a Henley-Birmingham bus by the bridge in Stratford and tell the conductor to let you off at a particular crossing about three miles out, whence you will walk about one mile west along a typically narrow macadam English road till you surmount the railroad tracks and find yourself suddenly in the very small, noiseless village of Wilmcote. In other words, Mary Arden's cottage is by no means on the beaten track of bicycle and Morris-car, left-hand traffic.

I chose the bus, and the conductor did the rest. He put me off at the right crossroad, and I started out on the designated road, between the well-known English hedges, with only a small house here and there. The natives were a little puzzled and open-mouthed, for an American slicker will always cause astonishment anywhere in England. But the walk on that quiet Sunday afternoon was delightful: no wonder there are so many hikers over there.

When I finally landed across the railroad tracks and in the miniature village—only half a dozen houses were in evidence—I asked promptly where the Mary Arden cottage was, and the native with a broad grin pointed nearly directly across the street—or, rather, road.

Most postcards and pictures display this house from one particular angle—actually from the point where I was standing at that moment.

The next obvious thing to do was to get inside. I found at once that I was absolutely the only visitor: tourists please compare this situation with the steady stream of Americana racing through Anne Hathaway's cottage and Shakespeare's birthplace (which the little old lady insists is "in this room" and no other, etc.). The man in charge of the Mary Arden house—a fairly young and distinctly intelligent person (note the contrast again)—welcomed his lone client heartily. He ushered me into the Great Hall (after collecting a six-pence) and had me sign the registry (of which I have a photograph). Here

I discovered suddenly that only the day before a girl I'd met back on the "Aquitania" had gone through this house just ahead of me: so much for the accepted coincidences of travel.

The attendant immediately started rushing me around the house: it must have been his habit. The low doors made speed dangerous, and the floor was not always particularly level. He pointed out the small window-panes, the fact that the walls were originally of wattles and daub, that only the best rooms had the panelling-effect, that the dishes in the kitchen were generally of pewter, that the house had become two-storied only in 1597 after alteration. Incidentally he added that there was a date, 1594, in plaster over the dormer window.

Then he led me upstairs, where one nearly smashes his head on a few rafters. But I was duly impressed again—so impressed apparently that he launched into a disquisition on the wives and daughters of Robert Arden. This carried us back downstairs to the main room, where he sat down and concluded: Robert Arden's first wife is unknown—she died before April 25, 1548. Then Robert took unto himself a second wife, Agnes Webbe, sister of Alexander Webbe, and widow of W. Hill. Agnes and Robert had seven or eight daughters—he couldn't tell which at the moment and was horribly disturbed over his indecision—Mary Arden was the seventh. She married John Shakespeare in 1557. The third daughter, Katherine, he insisted still, had descendants in Stratford, but I never checked up on Katherine. When he got all through with this peroration, he told me I could find it all in Mrs. C. C. Stopes's book. I suspected as much, and escaped into the backyard to take a few pictures on my own hook—with his permission.

These pictures are not especially brilliant, but they serve to supplement the commercial views. The back of the house is not impressive, save for the dove-cote. This was extremely interesting for two reasons: first, its presence proved the importance of the whole estate—only a manor house would have a dove-cote; second, the interior was a veritable honeycomb of hundreds of square stone recesses—or "cubby-holes"—where the doves could nest. Now I knew what "to the manor born" might mean. At the left of the scene is a shed, which extended back into a barn, in which were three old wooden plows of Shakespeare's day.

I had now climbed over the wall at the front of the house and was taking pictures from the other end of this frontal part—that is—not from the com-

mercial angle, so to speak. I should add that there was nothing in front of this manor across the road but an open field.

I walked on beyond the house to the "crossroads," and here took the last picture, from some distance. Not a single person was in sight—not even the village dog. It was all intensely quiet, in the lengthening shadows, and one wondered that Shakespeare should reach back to such a silent scene.

I had to go back beyond the house to get to the railroad station or the bus. It seemed as if the walk back to the cross-roads where I'd got off the bus would be interesting and also I wanted to look around on the way for the famous forest of Arden. So I started back but found neither forest nor bus, although there were plenty of bicycles. Apparently English busses do not run on very efficient schedules, and they certainly do not go particularly fast. Much disgusted with the English bus system, I tramped all the way back again to the railroad station—and so to Stratford. But now I saw why Shakespeare (through Polixenes) had started the great 18th century proposition: nature is greater than art, *i.e.,* the country is better than the city. Wilmcote was still simple nature—Mary Arden had brought up her little boy well.

Black and Yellow

By M. CHANNING LINTHICUM

EVERY year, on Shakespeare's birthday, the London Shakespeare League lays a wreath of black and yellow on his monument in Southwark Cathedral. These, the colors of his coat-of-arms,[1] had the heraldric symbolism of faith, constancy, fortitude, prudence.[2] Fire purifies, rather than destroys gold, and black blots out all color; it symbolizes the beginning before light, and the end which is beyond knowledge.

Elizabethan and Jacobean England was familiar with color symbolism, which was recognized on the stage, in literary accounts, and even in private life. On the stage the black and yellow symbolism was sometimes perverted for the sake of humor, as in *More Dissemblers Besides Women,*[3] in which the inconstant Lactantio wears these colors, but the song of Spring in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*[4]

> Falangtado, Falangtado, to wear the black and yellow,
> Falangtado, Falangtado, my mates are gone, I'le follow.

indicates constancy, and also a sadness at departure. Lady Anne Clifford reveals the same symbolism in her diary of November 22, 1616: "All this time since my lord went away, I wore my black taffety nightgown with a yellow taffety waistcoat." [5] Even Lady Anne's fondness for change of dress was overcome by her desire to express her constancy to her husband and her sadness in his absence! The association of sadness with black and yellow may be a transfer from that of black and tawny "which mourning colors be." [6] In the ballad of "Corydon's Doleful Knell" black and yellow "ribbands"" are used on the funeral garland of Phillida.[7]

But Malvolio's "not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs," [8] has a double meaning. He wears yellow stockings as an indication that he is a lover, but he is not a black-minded or melancholy lover, for he is sure of his lady's reciprocation. Has he not received her letter requesting him to dress as a lover? This situation was really funny to an Elizabethan audience, familiar

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[1] "Gold on a bend sable, a spear of the first, and for his crest or cognizance a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear gold steeled as aforesaid."

[2] Sir John Ferne, *The Blazon of Gentrie,* London, 1586, p. 69; Pt II, p. 20.

[3] II, i, 12.

[4] Nashe, *Works,* Ed. R. B. McKerrow, Vol. III, p. 239.

[5] *Diary of Lady Anne Clifford,* London, Heinemann, 1923, p. 42.

[6] Toft, *Alba* (1598), Grosart, *Occasional Issues,* Vol. XI, p 104.

[7] *Reliques of Antient Poetry,* Ed. Wheatley, 1889, Vol. II, p. 275.

[8] *Twelfth Night,* III, iv, 29. I have discussed Malvolio's stockings in *Modern Philology,* Vol. XXV, p. 87 seq.

with color-symbolism, but all the clownish acting and hilarious laughter of modern actors cannot recapture that humor.

His second meaning is a reference to a musical composition known to Shakespeare's audience: "Black and Yellow." The original probably was a ballad containing these words. Only the music remains. Doctor Edward F. Rimbault reproduces in his *Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques of Antient English Poetry*[9] a version of this "tune," which he discovered in a black-letter copy of a Jacobean Virginal Book. It was probably adopted for a number of ballads. In 1567 appeared "A Doleful Ditty or Sorrowful sonet of the Lord Darnley . . . and is to be sung to the tune of Black and Yellow."[10] Sometime between this date and 1580 appeared the ballad, "The Crueltie of Gernutus,"[11] the story of the Jew of Venice, also sung to this tune. One wonders why Malvolio alludes to a tune whose associations were sorrowful or tragic. Dramatic foreshadowing of his own downfall? Shakespeare is capable of that subtlety. But when one considers the variety of musical compositions reproduced or mentioned in *Twelfth Night,* some serious, tender, or philosophical, some ribald — "Come Away 'Death," "Mistress Mine,' "When That I Was A Tiny Boy," "Please One and Please All," "Hold Thy Peace," "Three Merry Men Are We," "There Dwelt a Man in Babylon," "Farewell Dear Heart," "Jolly Robin," "I Am Gone, Sir," "O the Twelfth Day of December" (?) and "Peg-a Ramsey," which was the tune of "Give Me My Yellow Hose Again,"[12]—one hesitates to draw any conclusions from Shakespeare's reference to "Black and Yellow," except that it is characteristic of his mixture of laughter and tears.*

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[9] London, Cramer, Beale & Co., 1850, p. 53. It is reproduced as the tune of "The Crueltie of Gernutus."

[10] *Harleian Miscellany,* Vol. X, p. 264.

[11] The Ballad is given by Percy, and its connection with *The Merchant of Venice* discussed by Furness and others. I have discussed yellow in the dress of Jews in *P. M. L. A.,* Vol. XLIII, p. 761 seq.

[12] In order of their mention: II, iv, 60; II, iii, 40; V, iv, 395; III, iv, 25; II, iii, 67; II, iii, 78; II, iii, 80; II, iii, 101; IV, ii, 76; IV, ii, 126; II, iii, 85; II, iii, 78.

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* Editorially we may remark that Shakspere's colors, as we learn from his father's application for a coat-of-arms, were gold, silver, and black. The shield and the spear were gold, the band in the shield was black, the head of the spear and the falcon in the crest were silver.—S. A. T.

Gloucester's Eyes

By P. V. KREIDER

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear* is a singularly unified tragedy. The effect of unusual compactness, while due in large part to the obvious parallel between the experiences of Lear and those of Gloucester, is in some measure produced by certain other peculiarities of the play, among which are persistently recurrent words directly or indirectly naming eyes and sight. Scattered freely through the play from beginning to end, these tone-words, as they may be called, early arouse one's consciousness of eyes and seeing, and never permit it to subside again. And while the full implication of these repetitions would probably escape the postulated new reader or auditor who turned his attention to the play without any fore-knowledge of the plot, yet the repetitions were put into the lines by a writer who knew that eventually the Earl must lose his eyes and who—deliberately or otherwise—constantly employed terms suggestive of Gloucester's misfortune.

Some pasages illustrative of this practice are prophetic of Gloucester's fate. Goneril departs with her paramour, Edmund, before the Earl has been apprehended after assisting the King; but before she leaves she demands that his eyes be put out. And when Gloucester is questioned by his jailor-guests, he declares that he has aided Lear in order to save him from the cruelty which is actually, though he does not yet suspect it, in store for himself:

Corn. Post speedily to my lord and husband; *show* him this letter. The army of France is landed.—*Seek* out the traitor Gloucester.
Reg. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Pluck out his *eyes.*

. . .

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old *eyes.*[1]

With similarly disconcerting effect, and with equal freedom from expectation that anyone will literally experience the savage treatment that he pictures, the rash King himself, overcome by the first realization of Goneril's basic selfishness, checks himself, as he begins to weep, with a threat to punish himself as Gloucester later is punished, if ever his eyes repeat their offense:

Lear . . . Old fond *eyes,*
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck yet out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.[2]

[1] III. vii. 1-5, 55-57. Line references are based upon Professor Neilson's *Student's Cambridge Edition* of Shakespeare's works. Passages are quoted, and words naming or directly implying eyes or sight are italicized, to show how naturally (generally), and yet how frequently, such terms occur. There are, of course, many pertinent passages besides those used, though the most significant ones occur in this paper.

[2] I. iv. 323-326.

The matter of eyes is first injected into the story not of Gloucester but of Lear, and that, too, at a point much earlier than the one just indicated. When Goneril is commanded to purchase her share of the kingdom with an appropriate effusion, she declares that her father is "dearer than *eyesight*";[3] and Cordelia, defending her good name before the King of France, asserts that her offense is slight—the mere lack of an unctuous tongue and "a still-soliciting *eye*."[4] The irate father, likewise, in this passionate scene finds outlet for some of his most intense emotion through terms of related kind. When Kent presumes to uphold Cordelia, Lear dismisses him most brusquely, epitomizing his reaction in the twice-repeated, arrogant injunction, "out of my *sight*!"[5] And his farewell to Cordelia consists of the bare statement, uttered with imperious, self-justified finality, that he no longer considers her his daughter, "nor shall ever *see* that face of hers again."[6]

It is not long, however, before Lear becomes aware of previously unguessed qualities in eyes. When he denies Kent and Cordelia the privilege of tarrying longer in the beneficent sight of a monarch, he is ignorant of the curse of hostile eyes from which one would gladly escape and, perhaps, cannot. But after he has quarreled with Goneril and has sought refuge with Regan, his speech plainly indicates that he has been completely unmanned not alone by Goneril's termagant tongue, but equally by her glowering eyes. They have obsessed and terrified him:

> *Lear.* She hath abated me of half my train;
> *Look'd* black upon me.
>
> . . .
>
> You nimble lightnings, dart your *blinding* flames
> Into her scornful *eyes!*
>
> . . .
>
> Her *eyes* are fierce.[7]

Were Shakespeare's activities limited to desultory efforts such as these, he could not create impressive tone or remarkable unity. Fortunately he is not so circumscribed. His effects are intensified through his development of frequent passages characterized by concentration, by insistent, sometimes almost labored, repetition of key words. While many of these reiterations

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[3] I. i. 56 f.
[4] I. i. 233-235.
[5] I. i. 126, 159.
[6] I. i. 265-267.
[7] II. iv. 161 f., 175. When Goneril enters for the first quarrel with her father, Lear immediately reveals his sensitivity to her hate-filled eyes: "How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown" (I. iv. 207-209).

are not necessary for clearness and while they sometimes jeopardize the beauty of the author's style, yet they serve a definite, an important purpose.

In the first act, while he is revealing the state of affairs and establishing the tone of the drama, Shakespeare introduces several of these foundational bits of dialog into the scenes expository of both Lear's and Gloucester's domestic situations. As soon as Cordelia is irrevocably exiled to France and Kent is banished, Goneril and Regan review this latest manifestation of their father's temperament. Because she finds the King's impulsive action consistent with his character as she has always understood it, Goneril refuses to be astonished by what she has just witnessed, but prefers to regard the entire incident simply as a warning of the folly she may expect her father to display in the future. Analyzing the outrage thus in terms of established character, she finds opportunity to weave into her comment four distinct references to sight:

Gon. You *see* how full of changes his age is; the *observation* we have had of it hath not been little. He always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off *appears* too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of him time hath been but rash; then must we *look* from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.[8]

A few scenes later, when the tense relations between Goneril and her father approach the breaking point, Lear states one cause of his dissatisfaction and uneasiness in a speech quite representative of Shakespeare's tendency to rely, in this play, upon the rapid accumulation of words related to sight. The King's remark is delivered in answer to a Knight's apologetic suggestion that recently Lear has not been treated, in Goneril's home, with fitting respect:

Lear. Thou but rememb'rest me of mine own conception. I have *perceived* a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will *look* further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not *seen* him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have *noted* it well.[9]

As Lear and his unnatural daughters contribute, on one side, to this impression that sight and eyes are the principal substance of the play, so do Gloucester and his illegitimate son, on the other. Edmund and his father do not appear in separate scenes, talking about each other, as do Lear and his

[8] I. i. 291-303.
[9] I. iv. 72-81.

daughters; they are upon the stage together, discussing Edgar. Between them these two men can say "see" in as many ways as can the family of the King:

Glou. What paper were you *reading?*
Edm. Nothing, my lord.
Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's *see.* Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need *spectacles.*
Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother, that I have not all *o'er-read*; and for so much as I have *perus'd,* I find it not fit for your *o'er-looking.*
Glou. Give me the letter, sir.
Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.
Glou. Let's *see,* let's *see.*[10]

Gloucester's eagerness and insistence are emphasized by the impetuous demand, thrice repeated, "Let's see." He is only one of several persons within this play who would—and should—see more and better; the tragedy is filled with men who desire to see or who declare that they have seen or are seeing. Of these persons, two use exactly the same idiom as does Gloucester in his dialog with Edmund. When Edgar, victorious in his combat with Oswald, searches the pockets of the slain messenger, he accompanies his action with the same impatient words, here twice spoken:

Edg. Let's *see* these pockets; the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us *see.*[11]

And Lear, temporarily recovered from madness by the skillful ministration of the Doctor and the solicitous affection of Cordelia, betrays his confusion through the same words; while later in the passage his daughter, attempting to bring him to a comprehension of his situation, appeals to his sense of sight:

Lear . . . I should even die with pity,
To *see* another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's *see*;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cor. O, *look* upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.[12]

All of these characters speak so as to impress one with their consciousness of the importance of sight. Edgar, Gloucester, and Lear specifically represent themselves as desiring to see more. And in the end—is it by chance or in fulfillment of a design?—after the older men have died, Edgar describes their

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[10] I. ii. 30-45.
[11] IV. vi. 261-263.
[12] IV. vii. 53-58.

lives, and especially Lear's as an answer to their petition, a more complete answer than he himself expects to find:

Edg. The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never *see* so much, nor live so long.[13]

While the Lear and Gloucester themes are beginning to develop, and also while they are gaining in intensity, these repeated words establish and insist upon the tone of the work. With the rush of the climax in each movement, such nouns and verbs become even more dominant, appearing and reappearing with startling bareness and frequency, until there is in the supreme effect much of mania and frenzy. This result is easily discernible when Gloucester is blinded. The Earl, not yet aware of the remorseless depravity of his captors, is not cowed by their open malice, but, roped to his chair, he boldly warns them that he will live to see them punished for their mistreatment of the King. Cornwall, catching up Gloucester's figurative use of the word *see,* converts it to literal parlance and attacks the helpless victim:

Glou. . . . but I shall *see*
The winged vengence overtake such children.
Corn. *See't* shall thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these *eyes* of thine I'll set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! — O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you *see* vengeance,— [14]

The intervention of Cornwall's servant, which temporarily interrupts the mutilation, not only affords Shakespeare an opportunity to include still further atrocities in the scene, at the same time providing for later plot developments, but also gives Cornwall something like an incentive for carrying out Regan's bitterly ironic request. For Shakespeare uses motivation curiously in this play. An analysis of the conditions evocative of savagery will demonstrate the fact that practically, if not literally, always the perpetrators have reason for what they do; the violence of those who are generally regarded as virtuous, like the King and Gloucester, as well as that of the confirmed villains, is presented as explicable. The peculiarity of the conduct in this tragedy is not that it lacks all excuse, but rather that the reactions are grossly out of proportion to the provocations. Cordelia's stubbornness, in part a moral demonstration against her sister's shameless obsequiousness and her father's vanity and histrionics; Lear's continual impetuosity — in disowning Cordelia and banishing Kent, in cursing Goneril, in rushing from his last shelter out to the turbulent heath; the Earl of Gloucester's arbitrary and impulsive kin-wrecking

[13] V. iii. 325 f.
[14] III. vii. 65-72.

of his son upon the unconvincing and unverified evidence presented by the scarcely-known bastard—all these are instances in point. And to Cornwall, too, Shakespeare assigns as motive for the destruction of first one eye and then the other, not only Cornwall's craving to be revenged in some way, but also the more immediate provocation of Gloucester's and the servant's confident, and therefore irritating, assurance that Gloucester will see vengeance done on the Duke and his confederates. The second challenge to Cornwall, like the first, is made figuratively and accepted literally:

Serv. Oh, I am slain! My lord, you have one *eye* left
To *see* some mischief on him. Oh!
Corn. Lest it *see* more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly.[15]

Appalling and unforgetable as this scene of Gloucester's punishment is, it must again be impressed upon the mind of the audience by the *nuncio* who brings Albany the report of Cornwall's death. And, although the fact that Regan is a widow is conducive to swift, desperate action, yet Shakespeare, instead of wasting sympathy upon Cornwall, directs all the emphasis of the dialog upon the Earl's blindness. And the repercussion of the horror, like the stage representation of it, is profuse in its reference to eyes:

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other *eye* of Gloucester.
Alb. Gloucester's *eyes!*

. . .

Alb. But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other *eye?*
Mess. *Both, both,* my lord.

. . .

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his *eyes?*

. . .

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou *show'dst* the King,
And to revenge thine *eyes.*[16]

The climax in the Lear plot as in the Gloucester plot has this strongly-developed strain running through it. Here again the progress in the utilization of the material is from the figurative to the literal, and here again the inclusion of the matter of sight is perfectly natural, especially in the last moments, when the eyes of the dying King deceive him. When Lear, the body of his slain daughter in his arms, shifts, with the celerity of a deranged

[15] III. vii. 81-83.
[16] IV. ii. 70-97.

mind, from contemplation of his present sorrow to memory of his noble past, he focuses his gaze upon Kent and with that retainer carries on a conversation into which is swiftly injected the old subject of sight:

Lear. I have *seen* the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made him skip. . . .
. . . Who are you?
Mine *eyes* are not o' the best. I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we *behold.*
Lear. This is a dull *sight.* Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same.

. . .

Lear. I'll *see* that straight.[17]

But the most pathetic incident in all Lear's sorrowful history occurs when this wreck of colossal sovereignty, bowing to death but still supporting the lifeless body of his favorite daughter, cries out that she lives. And, interestingly, these concluding speeches expand into a veritable fanfare of references to sight, with Edgar's use of the word *see* in the last line bringing the tragedy to a close upon the dominant note:

Lear. . . . O, *see, see!*
Lear. . . .
Do you *see* this? *Look* on her, *look,* her lips,
Look there, *look* there!

. . .

Edg. *Look* up, my lord.

. . .

Edg. . . .
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never *see* so much, nor live so long.[18]

Sometimes Shakespeare repeats, instead of single terms as heretofore discussed, phrases in which words dealing with sight are memorable because of their context; the echo is a unifying device which Shakespeare uses successfully in this play as in others. It occurs, of course, often within the single scene: reference to passages already quoted will show that, in the scene depicting the blinding of Gloucester, both Goneril and Gloucester graphically describe the torture to which he is subjected as pluckling out the eyes, and that Cornwall, in the process of destroying the Earl's sight, jestingly echoes the statement made by Gloucester a moment before, that he will see vengeance done. More impressive, however, are the instances of echo between scenes. Mention has already been made of Cordelia's anxiety that the King of France understands that her offense has been not moral but temperamental—an inability, and also an unwillingness, to bring her tongue and her eye to function

[17] V. iii. 276-287.
[18] V. iii. 304-326.

as her vain father would have them do. Much as Lear blames her, he finally learns the limitations of these organs: eventually he comprehends, as he does not at the beginning, that they may miserably fail to provide adequate outlet for the genuine emotion stored up behind them, for when Cordelia is dead, her father's eyes and tongue are so incompetent that he feels all attempts at demonstration is vain:

> *Lear.* Had I your tongues and *eyes,* I'd use them so
> That heaven's vault should crack.[19]

The King's comment is peculiar to the character, not representative of that dramatist who could, at will, excel all his contemporaries in penning the conventional lyrical lament. The remark is not made by the Lear who cursed and raged and howled his way through the early acts of the drama; it is the lamentation of a chastened, wiser spirit, and part of what he has learned is related to one of the major interests of the tragedy—eyes.

Gloucester echoes one of his own ideas. After he has discovered Edmund's treachery, he regrets his hasty abuse of Edgar:

> *Glou.* . . . O dear son Edgar,
> The food of thy abused father's wrath!
> Might I but live to *see* thee in my touch,
> I'd say I had *eyes* again![20]

The notion that one may see through the sense of touch recurs in a later scene when Lear first learns of Gloucester's blindness:

> *Lear.* . . . yet you *see* how this world goes.
> *Glou.* I *see* it feelingly.[21]

The echo is used effectively also in the Fool's jesting. For this subnormal creature monotony is more congenial than variety, but there is one especially obvious bit of repetition which centers upon the power of sight. The King, infuriated by Goneril's objection to the number and the conduct of his retainers, flings out of the house and rushes to horse, expecting, in his fatuity, that Regan, through such kindliness as he demands, will atone for her older sister's harshness. Lear's Natural, however, has no illusion on that point; consequently, while he is too unintelligent to be apprehensive about the results, yet he warns his master that he will make no improvement in going to

[19] V. iii. 258 f.
[20] IV. i. 23-26.
[21] IV. vi. 151 f.

Regan, and he chides him, with the impudence of a long-cherished and "all-licens'd Fool," for persisting in his self-imposed blindness:

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What canst tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?
Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a can cannot smell out, he may *spy* into.[22]

Several scenes later, the Fool repeats his witticism:

Fool. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men.[23]

Most distressing of these echoes, however, are several repetitions of phrases which picture squinting eyes, than which no image could be more suggestive of Gloucester's mutilation. The first speaker is Edgar in the guise of Tom of Bedlam. His father, entering to succor the King upon the tempestuous heath, finds Lear, now rapidly approaching madness, in the company of the feigned Bedlamite and the half-wit Fool. Edgar fumes over Gloucester, whom he pretends to identify with the fiend Flibbertigibbet, who "*squints* the *eye*" and performs other wickedness.[24] The second person to use such an expression is the completely demented King; and he also applies to Gloucester, whose face is still twisted out of shape as a result of the abuse he has suffered at the hands of Cornwall, from whom he has just escaped. Realizing that the Earl's eyes are out, but as yet unable to recognize his friend, Lear mistakes—or in mad whimsicality pretends to mistake—Gloucester for the god of love and declares himself secure against Cupid's powers. "I remember thine *eyes* well enough," he chuckles with insane, ironic perverseness. "Dost thou *squiny* at me? No, do thy worst, *blind* Cupid; I'll not love.[25] And finally Goneril, angered by Regan's boast that she intends to marry Edmund, but confident that the poison already administered will bring this defiance to nothing, is content to sneer, "That *eye* that told you so *look'd* but *a-squint*." [26]

Goneril's figure of speech produces a distinct, brutal shock. Partly because of her connection with the blinding of Gloucester and partly because there is little connection between the topic of conversation and her way of

[22] I. v. 14 24.
[23] II. iv. 69 f. With this reference and the preceding one, compare III. vii. 93 f., where Regan says of Gloucester, just blinded:

Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.

There is, too, a general resemblance between these three passages and the two in which Gloucester speaks of seeing through feeling: all five facetiously represent the replacement of sight by other senses.
[24] III. iv. 120-124.
[25] IV. vi. 139-141.
[26] V. iii. 72.

speaking, she creates the impression of making a deliberate effort to force blindness into the discussion. In this play there are many figures which, though based upon sight, are so natural that they pass by unanalyzed, as usual unobtrusive poetic embellishments; but some others, like this one of Goneril's, are so unexpected and so violent that they draw unwonted attention to themselves. When Lear attempts to expel Kent with a gesture, the doughty follower counters with a figure:

Lear. Out of my *sight!*
Kent. *See* better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine *eye.*[27]

Regan, after having dragged her vicious husband and her retinue across country to Gloucester's castle in a petulant effort to elude her unwelcome father, refers to her disconcerting arrival in figurative language:

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading *dark-ey'd* night? [28]

The above passages are picturesque, ingenious, and surprising. A less extravagant, more nearly inevitable comparison occurs when a Gentleman who has seen the outcast King upon the heath describes him as one who ——

. . . tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with *eyeless* rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.[29]

The Doctor, when informing Cordelia of her father's condition, employs a figure of speech which, though superficially simple, is most poignant, because, while it purports to be an explanation of the way in which Lear may be restored to sanity, it is actually a description of the way in which Gloucester has met disaster, and thus it links the stories of the two outraged fathers even more obviously than do most of the passages of similar kind:

Doct. Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will *close the eye* of anguish.[30]

Edmund permits himself two poetic flights, both of them near the end of the play and both of them inspired by his secret determination to have Lear and Cordelia murdered. In a soliloquy which he delivers just before the battle, he confesses the scheme thus to circumvent the troublesome Duke of

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[27] I. i. 159-161.
[28] II. i. 120 f.
[29] III. i. 7-9.
[30] IV. iv. 12-15.

Albany, who has expressed altogether too little sympathy with the plans of the two sisters:

Edm. . . . As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never *see* his pardon.[31]

And after the battle, when Albany wishes to make proper disposition of the captives, Edmund excuses the incarceration of the King and Cordelia as a temporary politic expedient, again falling back upon a sinister figure of speech:

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our *eyes*
Which do command them.[32]

In this play as elsewhere Shakespeare secures some of his most telling effects by mixing grisly humor with his tragic matter. Lear's monomaniac Fool, with his eagerness to relieve his master's mind by jesting and with his distressing inability to conjure up any subject for mirth save foolish parents and ungrateful children, not only aggravates the disturbance in the King's mind but also accentuates the bitter tragedy for the audience. To the illustrations of the Fool's cutting raillery which have already been recorded should be added one snatch of verse which he recites while Lear is investigating the confinement of Kent in the stocks. Like many other lines spoken by this creature, this quatrain contains little or no merriment; it is a sardonic application of a grim truth which, detached from its context, is mildly amusing:

Fool. Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children *blind;*
But fathers that bear bags
Shall *see* their children kind.[33]

For the fact that Gloucester's misfortune seems to cause him astonishingly little suffering or inconvenience, every reader and spectator must be grateful. In no time at all the Earl is able to philosophize, not very profoundly, about the spiritual aspects of his experience. And he, like many another philosophic character of Elizabethan drama, appears to find satisfaction in playing with

[31] V. i. 65-68.
[32] V. iii. 45-51.
[33] II. iv. 48-51.

words as well as with ideas. He toys with the conception of mental as contrasted with physical sight:

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot *see* your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no *eyes;*
I stumbled when I *saw.* Full oft 'tis *seen,*
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to *see* thee in my touch,
I'd say I had *eyes* again![34]

It remains for Lear, however, to demonstrate to Gloucester how masterfully he con construct a speech upon verbal jugglery. One is reminded that the old King once had a Fool, now departed, whom he not only affectionately but also appropriately called "Boy," a Fool who never guessed the seriousness of Lear's predicament. There comes a time when the King, too, is childishly unable to understand anything beyond the most external details of another's situation. The complete ruin of Lear's mind—the collapse of his entire intellectual and moral nature—is nowhere more amazingly depicted than in his final meeting with Gloucester. The crazed monarch, who in the storm learned to sympathize with all "houseless poverty" and "poor naked wretches" everywhere and who felt a kinship with Tom of Bedlam, now displays, when face to face with an old friend who has been multilated by devilish spite, only a naïve curiosity, an irresponsible playfulness, an unintentionally brutal mockery, and a loquacious, philosophic senility worthy of the Fool himself:

Lear. I remember thine *eyes* well enough. Dost thou *squiny* at me? No, do thy worst, *blind* Cupid;
I'll not love. *Read* thou this challenge; *mark* but the penning of it.
Glou. Were all thy letters suns, I could not *see.*

. . .

Lear. Read.
Glou. What, with the case of *eyes?*
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No *eyes* in your head, nor money in your purse? Your *eyes* are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you *see* how this world goes.
Glou. I *see* it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may *see* how this world goes with no eyes. *Look* with thine ears; *see* how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. . . .
Thou hast *seen* a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glou. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst *behold* the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.
. . . Get thee glass *eyes,*
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To *see* the things thou dost not.

. . .

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my *eyes.*[35]

[34] IV. i. 19-26.
[35] IV. vi. 139-180. Repetition of simple words is characteristic of this play. For example, forms of the word *need*—both substantive and verbal—occur three times in I. ii. 32-36 and seven times in II. iv. 263-274; forms of the verb *to tell* occur six times in I. v. 14-30.

Shakspere's "Heart-Strings"

By SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM

THOUGH Shakspere's allusions and references to medical matters have been abundantly studied, almost exclusively by members of the profession, some of them eminent in their field, one still finds in modern editions of the plays and poems incorrect explanations of medical terms employed by the incomparable William. Having recently had his attention drawn to Shakspere's references to the "heart-strings," the present writer wondered how many of the poet's annotative editors had instructed their readers regarding the meaning of the word and how many of them knew what the poet had in mind. Much to his surprise he found, after some investigation, that most editors had passed the word over without comment and that the others had defined it incorrectly, to the damage of the poet's meaning.

The passages in which Shakspere mentions the heart-strings are ten in number, as follows:

Richard the Third (IV. iv, 365):

"Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break."

Two Gentlemen of Verona (IV. ii, 62):

"[Proteus plays] so false that he grieves my very heart-strings."

Rape of Lucrece (line 1141):

"These means . . . Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment."

King John (V. vii, 55):

"My heart hath one poor string to stay it by."

Henry the Fifth (IV. i, 47):

"From heart-strings/ I love the lovely bully."

Hamlet (III. iii, 70):

"Heart with strings of steel,/ Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!"

Othello (III. iii, 261):

"Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings.
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind."

King Lear (V. iii, 216):

"His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack."

Antony and Cleopatra (III. xi, 57):

"My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings."

Henry the Eighth (III. ii, 105):

"I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!"

In the *New English Dictionary* (*NED*) the word "heart-strings" is defined as follows: "In old notions of Anatomy, the tendons or nerves supposed to brace and sustain the heart." How bad this definition is we shall see in a moment. The dictionary does not quote a single passage which lends support

to its definition. Old anatomists did not say that the heart was 'braced and sustained' — whatever that may mean — by tendons or nerves. Funk and Wagnall's *Standard Dictionary,* following the *Century Dictionary,* makes matters worse by saying, more definitely, that the "heart-string" (in the singular) is a "supposed nerve or tendon that holds the heart in place," and that in the plural it means "the deepest feelings, or strongest affections."

Examination of the above quotations from Shakspere, to say nothing of many similar passages in other writers before, during, and after Shakspere's time, proves that the plural "heart-strings" did not always mean "the deepest feelings, or strongest affections." The word was undoubtedly used literally, in the sense of the strings of or appertaining to the heart. But what were these strings? The *NED* say they were nerves or tendons which were supposed to "brace and sustain" the heart, presumably to hold the heart in its normal position in the chest. However, there are three serious objections to this definition: (1) in Shakspere's day anatomists did not think that the heart was held in position by nerves or tendons; (2) in the passages in which the word "heart-strings" occurs (almost invariably in the plural) it does not refer to structures holding the heart in position; and (3) the heart is not held in position by nerves or tendons.

Nerves are not so constructed as to be capable of discharging any other function than to transmit nerve impulses from and to the brain or spinal cord. It is true, of course, that the Elizabethans used the word "nerves" also in the sense of "sinews" (tendons), but tendons imply muscles, and there are no string-like muscles to keep the heart in place. "Heart-strings," therefore, are not structures which hold the heart in position.

Examination of sixteenth-century works on anatomy shows that anatomists of Shakspere's day and long before knew that the heart, resting on the diaphragm, is kept in position by the large blood vessels proceeding from it and by the pericardium (the sac in which the heart is located). Neither of these can be or has been compared to "strings."

It also appears from many passages in which the heart-strings are referred to that they were considered an integral and vital part of the heart itself, and that the continuance of life was in some way dependent upon them. Profound emotion was capable of breaking these strings and thus causing death. Note, for example, the quotations from *Richard III, King John, King Lear,* and *Henry VIII.* This could not be said of tendons which were outside the heart and served merely to keep it in position. We have evidence, as, for example,

in T. Howell's *Poems* (ed. Grosart, i, 64), that emotion was supposed to stretch the heart-strings. This appears also from the passage in *King Lear.*

The association of strings with an action so rhythmical as the heart's beat might have been expected sooner or later to suggest music and to lead to the comparison of the heart to a stringed instrument. Reference to the *NED* shows that this did actually happen. It quotes the following passage from Part 2 of *The Return from Parnassus* (1602): [A fiddler sings] "How can he play whose heart strings broken are?" Shakspere refers to this in the verse quoted from *The Rape of Lucrece,* and, punning on the word "Harp," in the passage from *Richard III.* Hamlet probably had this in mind when he spoke of the "healthful music" which his heart made. Peter, in *Romeo and Juliet* (IV. v, 104), says: "my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' " This being so, it cannot be but that the strings were supposed to be affected (stirred) synchronously with the pulse and that they were regarded as vital elements *within* the heart. In corroboration of this we may quote a passage from Holland's *Pliny,* 1601, I. 30 (quoted by the *NED*): "To seeke out gemmes . . . we plucke the very heart-strings out of her [the earth]." A writer—W. Horman—expressed the opinion that the strings "do minister [*i.e.,* regulate] the pulse."

What, then, are the heart-strings which Shakspere, his predecessors, and followers had in mind? If the reader will consult any modern book on anatomy, he will find that in the right and left ventricles of the heart there are large numbers of cord-like structures of varying length which spring from the cardiac muscle below and are attached above to the under surface of the mitral and tricuspid valves. These thin but tough string-like structures are called the "chordae tendineae" (tendinous cords) and serve the purpose of holding the valves so that they shut off the auricles (the upper parts of the heart) from the ventricles, thus preventing the blood from flowing anywhere but into the pulmonary artery and into the aorta when the ventricles contract. These cords are the heart-strings. Reference to old books on anatomy and physiology shows that early medical writers thought that these strings ("fibres") discharged some important functions. Thus, for example, Dr. J. Keill (the author of *The Anatomy of the Human Body,* 1703, ed. 2, thought that they hindered the right ventricle "from dilating too much." (Parenthetically we may note that the "chordae tendineae" were discovered in the fourth century B. C. by Erasistratus.) It was evidently supposed that powerful emotions caused these strings to stretch and ultimately to break, permitting the heart

itself to become distended till it broke and caused death. Hamlet dying, Horatio says, "Now cracks a noble heart." The contraction of the heart was also supposed to depend upon these filaments or "threads." "Sterne Griefe," we learn from John Davies of Hereford, works on the heart and doth "Draw it togeather till his Strings do crack."

Anyone who had ever seen the heart of a slaughtered animal must have seen the chordae tendineae. William Shakspere, the son of John, a Stratford butcher, undoubtedly had many opportunities to see such hearts, even though we do not believe that he himself ever "killed a calf."

Shakespeare's Coxcomb Characters

By SAMUEL ASA SMALL

SOME of Shakespeare's laughter-producing characters merit a distinction from the regular low-comedy characters to which they are related. Armado, Bottom, Parolles, Toby, Pistol, and Falstaff project out of the low-comedy circle to rival the principal characters in popular favor. Mercutio, Gratiano, and Malvolio are entirely outside of low-comedy influence, but in some important respects they are related to the Armado-Falstaff group. All nine of these characters are in a middle position in the plays in which they occur, and may be called middle humorous characters. Mercutio and Gratiano are not as distinctly marked out as the others, because, it will be seen, they are not conspicuously isolated enough to make them peculiar in the eyes of both the audience and the other characters of in the play. These two need less consideration here than the others; but, to keep them in mind, they will be mentioned in my introductory discussion.

A comparative study of the middle characters, especially of those in the Armado-Falstaff group along with Malvolio, will lead us to understand the middle characters as an important structural unit in Shakespeare's art of play-writing; and, still more important, it will discover to us a knowledge of Falstaff's complex character. The middle characters are optimistic in spirit with a distinctly coxcombric bias. Their main attraction is that of stage merrimakers, produced through a free and easy spirit of loquaciousness.

Students of English drama have given practically no attention to comparative studies in the minor characters of Shakespeare as an aid to under-

standing the structural handling of great characters like Hamlet and Falstaff. This seems all the more strange when one realizes the attention students give to minor matters in other fields of literature. The study of minor writers of Shakespeare's day, like Thomas Lodge, throws new light on the works of Shakespeare, and the more we know about any of Shakespeare's contemporaries, the better we understand the master dramatist himself. In a similar way, the important characctters in Shakespeare's plays cannot be fully appreciated until we have noticed the handling of related minor characters. A careful study of Gratiano brings out better the characters of Bassanio and Antonio. Mercutio throws much light on one's understanding of Romeo. Certainly one cannot understand Prince Hal without taking into account the working of Falstaff's mind.

The general quality which one finds in his minor figures—some in a crude state, and others, like Mercutio, in a refined condition—is a vein of conceit which may be termed dramatically as *coxcombry.* The low-comedy characters are roguish coxcombs, one and all; but the higher types, like Mercutio and Gratiano, are coxcombs of the same breed but of different conditions of life from those in the lower circles of society. Coxcombry is a powerful means by which the dramatist enriches the atmosphere of his play. Some of his characters are out and out coxcombs, like Gratiano, Malvolio, and Mercutio (the first one is actually called such by Bassanio); while others, like Armado and Falstaff, have a good deal of this quality in them. The coxcombric traits occurring in these characters are talkativeness, witty playing on words, self-complacency, and optimism. Some of them are given to excessive eating and drinking, which make them extremely forward in talking. Though connected with the main plot, the middle characters serve to embellish the story more through the spoken word than through action.

As characters which depend much on the spoken word, their prominence on the Shakespearian stage must have been very great, because the sixteenth century drama was in the truest sense of the phrase a *speaking drama.* What is spoken in Shakespeare's plays is as important as what is done. The middle humorous characters give much mouthing to delecatable matter for consumption by the audience, who in Shakespeare's day enjoyed it more than we today do, as variety in the play. The chief function of Shakespeare's middle characters is to entertain through a spirited recitative ability, sometimes for dramatic relief, but usually for its own interest as stage color. The actor's ability to represent the parts of the middle characters must be considerable, as there is a great variety of adaptation necessary. These characters fill in a

large gap between the high-comedy and the low-comedy characters, and their contacts on either side require lively conversation. They are all shallow-minded, making it necessary for the actors who play these parts to have a mental aptness for volubility in speaking. Their alertness and clear optimism test the ability of an actor to hold the attention of the audience by an open frankness of mind.

Shakespeare's artistic handling of characterization required some flexible minor instrument, which the coxcomb represents, by which the stress positions in his comedies are brought out. All art demands the highest skill in the use of minor material. In painting an entrance to an inn on a dark street at night, the painter, besides finding the most advantageous position for the entrance on the canvas, must resort to some minor element in the picture to help his art. Perhaps, he will make a brilliant moon reflect and flicker on the pavement in front of the entrance, thus bringing the entrance to view. His concentration—as well as the attention of the gazer when the picture is finished—will be as much on the beauty of the moon's yellow light as on that of the entrance. In this way the artist must bring a minor element into a stress position. Similarly, in music, a melody is often interrupted by secondary notes, which for the moment take the stress position in the mind of the listener. In Shakespeare, the middle characters are peculiarly adapted to this purpose. Other elements in the plays—especially the cruder low-comedy figures—also serve this purpose at times, but their world has its own life quite distinct from the high-comedy rôles and therefore they cannot always be as fitted for this use as the middle characters. On the other hand, in some plays the function of the middle characters is taken over by some principal character, making that character so prominent as to appear luminous. Rosalind, in *As You Like It,* gives this impression to a striking degree. Here, it seems, a secondary character, coxcomb in nature, is really made the predominating figure in the play; while the gentle Celia, because of her delicate nature, reminds us of the quieter heroines, like Desemona. Katherine, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* since she acts the part of a shrewish coxcomb, should also be regarded as of secondary tradition.

The actors in Shakespeare's company who played the parts of the middle characters must have been fully as proficient as those taking the principal rôles. The histrionic art of minor characters had a long tradition. Thomas Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors* (1612), valued the art of Knell, Bentley, Mills, Wilson, Croose, and Lanan, who played secondary parts, just as highly as he did that of Tarleton. And he praises Tarleton, whom he mentions first,

in as high terms as he does Alleyn. It may almost be said that no part in Shakespeare is histrionically less important than any other part. Shakespeare's company was made up of stars. How else can one account for the constant intrusion of the middle and low-comedy characters into stress positions? Shakespeare's genius is more plausible to us when it is realized that he was pressed to the best of his ability in the composition of every single part in the plays, taking care to give every actor an opportunity to bring his personality to the fore.

The spoken strength of the English language is the key to much of the robust vitality in the plays. The inner quality of conceit, possessed by the middle characters, encourages vital expression. In this respect the middle characters resemble strongly an outstanding stock character in the comedy of manners, the conceited coxcomb, which was derived from the Latin comedy. The playwright who worked at such pieces aimed at movement, light fun, and harmless satire. The characters in Shakespeare who have these characteristics to a striking degree are the middle characters.

Marston, in the preface to the *Fawne,* apologizes for the fact that his play "rests much in the actor's voice," but this admission shows the importance of paying attention to this dramatic feature. The later comedies of manner belonging to the Restoration period grew out of the desire of the audience to hear the actor's nice manipulation of the mouth. The middle characters in this respect are the forebears of the later comedies of manners. Also, in the *Malcontent,* Marston speaks of "scenes invented merely to be spoken," showing a consciousness of the value of the spoken word.

The middle charracters have a more or less regular development in Shakespeare. From the history of the English stage in the sixteenth century, it would seem that the early clowns, such as Tarleton, Green, Sumner, Kempe, and Wilson, were an able group of players who improvised much of their work and depended for this improvisation on a ready tongue. Their carefree way of appealing to public taste no doubt rivaled the progress of higher comedy in England, until the practical minded playwrights used these players in their serious plays for what they were worth as merriment makers. Shakespeare gave his middle characters the same lee-way for free speaking on the stage. So attractive was this type that several times he brings them forward as principal characters. If we mark these characters in our minds as conceited talkers and optimistic free-thinkers, we can see the development of their importance in Shakespeare's mind. Starting out with types like Armado and Bottom, who are burlesque-like coxcombs that stand closer to the regular low-

comedy characters than their later kinsmen, Shakespeare purifies them in the characters of Gratiano and Mercutio, and finally is tempted to make main characters out of them in the highly delightful personalities of Katherine, Beatrice, and Rosalind. But perhaps the highest point of interest in the development is reached in the character of Falstaff, who represents a partial return to the roguish coxcomb, like Sir Toby, but who is made complicated and romantic enough to allow him a place beside Prince Hal. Somewhat different from these but still of the same breed is Malvolio, a highly conceited coxcomb. The difference between him and the other coxcombs is that his conceit is not natural as in the others but polished by training and self-discipline.

Shakespeare skilfully attached these personages to the main plots; consequently, the action of these characters does much to give coherence to the plays in which they occur. But, on the other hand, most of their volubility is mere "hocum." That one remembers them after one has seen them on the stage is surprising when one thinks of the temporary nature of what they say and do. Shakespeare, however, manages to draw our sympathies to some of them so forcefully that they are remembered almost as principal characters. One can easily recall Bottom; and Falstaff in some way gains one's respect in spite of his coarseness. It is a mistake, however, to raise the middle characters to too high a level of importance as the playwright did not intend them to be anything more than coxcombs. Shakespeare's genius for gaining the sympathy of the audience often operated on minor figures. Even Falstaff, who is the greatest in this group is technically only a super-clown. This is saying much for Falstaff as it places him far above all the other minor characters in Shakespeare; but technically speaking, he should never be grouped with the principal characters.

But however secondary these middle characters are in technical position and structure, they have a freshness of tone on the stage that gives them a distinctive charm. In illustration of the pastoral one may recall Mercutio's speech on the fairy Queen Mab. The realistic effect crops up in their dialogue everywhere, though one has to make allowances for much romantic atmosphere, which, of course, predominates in the plays. Bottom's forwardness in the rehearsal of the playlet and his anxiety over the whole affair of the entertainment is realistic after allowances are made for the general pastoral and romantic setting of the whole play of *Midsummer Night's Dream.* The realistic impression made by all the middle characters derives from their careless optimistic talking rather than from any directed action. In Falstaff, real-

ism, and romanticism are mingled together, and it is consequently hard to decide whether the garrulous knight is meant to be a lying coward in the real sense of the word, or merely a romantic jester.

Before discussing the seven principal middle characters individually, a few remarks are necessary to explain the limits of the middle characters as a structural group. Le Beau, in *As You Like It,* is too slightly drawn to be included in the group. In *Twelfth Night,* both Malvolio and Sir Toby must be included, though Malvolio, it will be seen, is more peculiarly fitted for the place than Sir Toby. The latter, in spite of his high rank by birth, is not definitely detached from the low-comedy group, but his character contains much that is in Falstaff. The variations between the characters will be of interest in understanding Falstaff, who seems to epitomize all the various elements of the group. Finally, it must be kept in mind that the group of middle characters is made up of personages that are versatile stage figures rather than definitely outlined characters.

II

The witty word-play between Armado and his page, Moth, in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act 1, Sc. 2, cannot be surpassed as an illustration of Shakespeare's skill in holding the attention of the audience through variety talk. The actor in Shakespeare's company had to be a supreme vocal artist to bring out the total effect of the wit here displayed. Armado's optimistic mongering of words is the stage attribute that makes his part attractive and entertaining to us. Biron's description of Armado in the first scene is the dramatist's best picture of the chief trait of the middle humorous characters.

> Armado is a most illustrious wight,
> A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight. (I, i, 178-9.)

Armado, though sometimes crude in manner, is a finished product of the fashionable coxcomb, resembling Mercutio and Gratiano. In Shakespeare's day, when the cult of words expressed itself everywhere, quibbling was the basis of all wit. In the early plays, like *Love's Labor's Lost,* this youthful mouthing of words was carried to the extreme and quite smothered out the regular movement of the play; hence, there is little plot or action.

Armado's self-conceit is probably the source of his tireless habit of turning words and ideas into an illumination of colored tinsel. He converses loosely with Moth about his love in Act I, Sc. 3, and in the same scene bandies

words again with Costard. The oddity of his speech is noticed by the Princess:

> 'A speaks not like a man of God's making.

She makes this remark after hearing Armado say to the king:

> Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath
> as will utter a brace of words. (V, ii, 523-25.)

This rich variety of language is artificial, to be sure, but nevertheless highly effective as stage business.

It all comes from the theatre itself in its earliest stages when the coxcomb was the principal figure in the inn-yards. As the show-houses developed, the literary influence gave dignity and worth to the playwrights' works; but in comedy the integrity of form was maintained through adherence to old comic traditions. Armado is wholly derived from the inn-yard stage figures, which in turn may have been modeled on related Italian farce.

Armado was put into the play not only to amuse the audience in his own peculiar way, but also to entertain the others in the play. This casual entertainer is a structural unit by himself used to enrich the life of the king and his virtue-loving followers. A certain perspective of stage illusion is achieved when characters in a play themselves act as an audience to some entertainer whose ostensible purpose is fantastical amusement. Armado, who is consistently eccentric, is a striking example of this practice. The King describes him as,

> One who the music of his own vain tongue
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
> A man of compliments, who right and wrong
> Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
> This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
> For interim to our studies shall relate,
> In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
> From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate. (I, i, 167-74.)

As he is mentally isolated from the other characters, Armado's place naturally falls between the low-comedy and the high-comedy characters.

III

The middle character in *All's Well That Ends Well* is Parolles. His character must be treated as an early creation by Shakespeare in view of the opinion of recent scholarship that *All's Well* is a rewriting of the lost play, *Love's Labor's Won.* This old play first saw the light about the time that *Love's Labor's Lost* was being played. The concurrent writing of these two plays is strongly indicated by the similarities between the two middle characters.

Parolles has all the characteristic markings of Armado. His character is handled much more deftly, to be sure; but he plays the part of a sly talker

whose wit gets him safely into the confidence of the young Bertram. He knows how to use the language lightly, but, unlike Armado, he tries to turn everything he says to his purpose. Lafeu is one of the first in the play to regard him with suspicion; he describes him in a way that would also suit the character of Armado:

> There can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man
> is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence.
> (II, v, 47-47.)

Helena tells us earlier in the play what to expect from this odd person:

> And yet I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward. (I, i, 111-12.)

At this point one does not like to make comparisons with Armado, as Parolles is here felt to be a rogue. One rather thinks of Falstaff. After the entertainment afforded by the exposure of Parolles through the practical joke that is played on him, Bertram's remarks indicate to us that the right classification of this character is that of a coxcomb:

> I sent to her,
> By this same *coxcomb* that we have o' the wind,
> Tokens and letters which she did re-send . (III, vi, 212-23.)

Though Parolles seems to have the mind of a villain, he is not strong enough for such a technically high position. He does not succeed in his practical scheme as does Angelo and Iachimo. He is easily duped. This weakness and the blustering way he has of talking relegate him to the class of coxcombs.

The above facts show that the character of Parolles was originally like that of Armado; he was probably only a sly talker and entertainer. In revising the play later, Shakespeare—or whoever it was who rewrote it—deepened the character of Parolles by making it undergo a change about the middle of the play. As I have mentioned above, Lafeu and Helena both suspect Parolles of not being what he pretends to be. Lafeu, especially, is outspoken against him. Parolles tells us that the old lord was the first that found him out (V, ii, 45). As the purpose of Armado in *Love's Labor's Lost* was to afford entertainment for the King and his men; so here the revelation of Parolles' true character through the practical joke gives entertainment to the other men in the play. The Lords are eager to carry out the practical joke "for the love of laughter" (III, vi, 36 and 43). It is evident that this focus of attention by the other characters on Parolles places him as a structural unit apart from them; it was meant by Shakespeare as a stage manoeuvre to magnify the humor attached to Parolles. In the smiling eyes of the Lords, Parolles is changed from a would-be serious companion to Bertram to what that character disgustingly terms a "coxcomb" and a "rogue," (IV, iii, 251). They

discover that the man who was a trusted friend is only one who loves words as a "fish loves water" (III, vi, 92).

The feeling that Parolles is really a coxcomb and a rogue comes to the audience when they hear him blame his predicament on his own loose habit of talking:

> Tongue, I must put you into a butter woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. (IV, i, 45-47.)

His life of pretended virtue—"to seem to deserve well" (IV, iii, 332)—has gradually forced him to the realization, "That every braggart shall be found an ass" (IV, iii, 372).

It is important that we mention here the main differences between Parolles and Fastaff because the complicated character of the fat knight was conceived after Shakespeare had tried his hand successfully on simpler figures. In the play, the villainous and corrupt character of Parolles is repeatedly mentioned, though in the end it turns out that from being a dangerous villain, he has not wit enough to escape from the predicament he has foolishly allowed himself to fall into. In this respect he is quite different from Falstaff whose corrupt nature and villainy are well supported by an intellect that seems not to recognize defeat. Unlike Falstaff, Parolles is an intellectual as well as a physical coward. All the characters in the play see Parolles in the eyes of the First Lord when he says of him:

> Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment. (III, vi, 8-13.)

One might suspect from this description that Parolles is technically a villain with a cunning and powerful intellect; but Shakespeare makes him ridiculous by showing him up later to be without intellectual cunning to support himself in his garrulous pretentions. After surveying the character of Parolles as a whole, one feels sure that Falstaff would have heartily approved Diana's curt remark, which touches the mainspring of his nature:

> That Jack-an-apes with scarfs. (III, v, 88.)

IV

It is a far cry between the social standing of Armado and Parolles, and that of Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Yet in wit and general personality there is little difference. Bottom is the same general type except that his character is set down into a lower order of society. But he is a little higher

than this ranking seems to imply. On account of his greater tendency for self-expression, his place is isolated from the rest of the low-comedy group. By mere force of character, he holds the respect of Quince and the other craftsmen. Like Armado and Parolles, he puts complete faith in the power of his tongue to pretend more than what he is really worth.

He easily takes the lead among those of his own class. His pretentious air, however, easily makes a coxcomb of him in the eyes of the others in the play. As a coxcomb, Shakespeare makes him stand out as a structural unit having the purpose of entertaining by coxcombric foolery. In order to appreciate Bottom's rôle, one must keep these facts in mind. One should also remember that Bottom stands out as the most prominent figure on the stage; thus necessitating the genius of a great actor to play this part. From the histrionic point of view, Bottom's is the star part in the play.

Like the true coxcomb, Bottom makes a good impression on the less enlightened persons in the play. Flute says, "he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens" (I, ii, 9-10), and Snout adds that he is "the best person too," and "is a very paramour for a sweet voice" (IV, ii, 13). All the members of this set agree with Quince that Bottom is indispensable for the party of Pyramus in the playlet which the craftsmen are to present before the noblemen and ladies. When Bottom suddenly appears to relieve the anxiety of his absence, Flute involuntarily utters "bully Bottom," a term meaning "fine fellow."

Bottom's eccentric tendencies are seen through his pretentious spirit, which finally marks him as a coxcomb. His experience at the hands of Robinhood is enough entertainment for a whole play; but even in the serious business of rehearsing the playlet, he is a coxcomb through and through. He fairly silences Quince in giving instructions about the handling of the playlet; his final words to the men show that he has taken over the whole burden of the task.

> Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath. (IV, ii, 35-44.)

But even worse blunders in etiquette than this occur during the actual presentation of the little play of Pyramus and Thisbe when he twice stops the play to correct someone in the audience on a point of interpretation:

Theseus [*watching the play*]: The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.
Pyramus (*Bottom*): No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. (V, i, 193-89.)

Theseus: Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
Demetrius: Ay, and Wall too.
Bottom: No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. (V, i, 326-60.)

V

Besides the chief high-comedy characters, Sir Toby and Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night,* make strong appeals for popular favor. Malvolio is, properly speaking, the middle character in this play, because he holds the same place in the framework of the play that Armado, Parolles, and Bottom do in the plays in which they occur. The parts Malvolio and Sir Toby play as separate elements, outside the moral world of the other characters, make them similar in structure. Malvolio stands alone in *Twelfth Night.* He is peculiar in manner and dress from the others, and is regarded by the others as an object of amusement. Sir Toby Belch is set off somewhat from the others in his circle by his sensuous habits, but he still remains close to the low-comedy world. Sir Toby is Falstaff, if one could strip from the latter all that make up his better self. In spite of Falstaff's vulgarity, Shakespeare managed very subtly to hold our admiration for him. This two-fold division of Falstaff's character is not present in Toby who brawls around in a drunken mood without any apparent consciousness of self. Much of this mood, however, reminds one of the fat knight's roguish habits.

His drunkenness and association with unruly companions keep him, as it does Sir John, outside the pale of his own class. When Sir Toby says, "care's an enemy to life" (I, iii, 3), he enters into the same mood as Falstaff who is always thinking of the happy time when Prince Hal will be King of England and he will be the Chief Justice. Sir Toby vigorously defends his habit of drinking; he likes to exclaim loudly against others who cross him. The phrase, "let them hang themselves in their own straps" (I, iii. 12), reminds one of Falstaff's familiar retort to the Prince: "Hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters" (*H. IV, Pt. 1*, II, ii, 46).

Sir Toby has the mouth of the traditional braggart. He defies lechery (I, v, 133), and accuses others of cowardice (III, iv, 421) with such emphasis that one can easily guess that he himself is guilty of both vices. He also has

Falstaff's keen pleasure of getting others to fight his battles. The practical joke played on Sir Andrew and the disrespect he shows for Maria (I, v, 27 ff) are exactly similar in spirit to Falstaff's treatment of his friends. Falstaff's elemental coarseness and egotism are saved by a subtle intellect that knows how to protect itself. Sir Toby does not gain the respect. All he does for self-protection is to vociferously and falsely accuse others of being "a drunken rogue" (V, i, 207), 'an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave" (V, i. 212).

The naïveté of Toby's mind was not hard for the dramatist to show in action. There is no description of him in the mouths of other characters, as there is in the case of every other middle character. As he progressed in his art, Shakespeare depended more and more on the words and actions of each character himself to reveal his nature. Perhaps the type, which is essentially that of the braggart, was so well known on the stage that no explanation was necessary to Shakespeare's audience. It was a much cruder type of coxcomb than the three middle characters which have just been considered. Even Bottom is higher than Sir Toby. Toby's conceit never seems to take a high intellectual range. He not only depends on Maria for working out plans against Malvolio, but does not brag with any intelligence. He is allied to Falstaff principally in the degenerate vices of the body.

VI

Malvolio is the romantic coxcomb par excellence. The concerns of his mind are different from those of Falstaff, but the general background of both men is the same. Conceited and talkative, he is a laughing-stock to the others in the play. He never realizes that he is being gulled until the last moment. He becomes pathetic in his helplessness after he is victimized by Sir Toby and his comrades. His air of self-confidence makes him a prominent stage figure. In the movement of the play, Malvolio serves as the chief connecting link between the main plot and the low-comedy group. Yet, the point to be noticed is that both sides, Olivia and her followers, and Sir Toby and his companions, equally regard Malvolio as outside of their sympathies. The particular trait of character that makes him thus stand apart as an object of scorn is known to everyone in the play as well as to those in the audience. Olivia and Maria speak plainly of Malvolio's conceit:

> *Olivia*: O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. (I, v, 97-8.)
>
> *Maria*: An affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him. (II, iii, 160-5.)

Although Olivia speaks well of Malvolio as a steward, the play has nothing to do with that side of his character. His conceit, on the other hand, dominates his actions, brings about the practical joke that is played on him, and places him in a structural position in the story by himself, as a middle character. He is the clearest case of what constitutes a middle character. His connection with Falstaff lies in their easy-going air of absolute self-confidence concerning matters which others regard as social delicacies.

VII

In the second part of *Henry the Fourth,* a character is barely introduced as a kind of evil spirit to Falstaff. Pistol does not have a clearly marked rôle in this play; but in *Henry the Fifth,* he is developed to substitute for the deceased knight. Pistol's full character in the latter play is an aftermath of the great Falstaff. For purposes of comparison, however, it will be considered first.

In the earlier play, he seems to have the contempt of everyone, principally because his whole character is on the surface, and is treated merely as an attribute to Falstaff's humor. His bragging and cowardice have not the nice subtlety in them that is felt in Falstaff. When he is ordered out of the house by the page, his answer is loud-sounding but hollow:

> I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here? (II, iv, 169-73.)

The humor of this scene comes out of Falstaff, however, rather than from Pistol; for, after Falstaff drives off the bragging coward, he himself, whom one knows to be likewise a coward, boasts of his deed to Doll: "A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver." (II, iv. 247-8.) There is not enough of Pistol in the second part of *Henry the Fourth* to show any development of humor. When he appears the second time, in the third scene, he is again eclipsed by Falstaff.

Shakespeare promised in the epilogue to *Henry the Fourth* to entertain his audience again with Falstaff. But, for some unknown reason, the fat knight does not appear in the next play; instead, his death is related by the Hostess in *Henry the Fifth.* In this play, Shakespeare tried to compensate for the gap by developing Pistol somewhat on the same lines as Falstaff.

Pistol is a litle more intelligent than Sir Toby; at least, he knows how to brag more vociferously. But he is far below the subtle intellectual power of Falstaff. His lack of real power over others is shown definitely in Act III.

At first, Fluellen seems to regard Pistol with an attitude of respect. Then Pistol rantingly harps on Bardolph's imprisonment and asks the captain's help in saving his friend's life. At Fluellen's refusal, Pistol violently turns against him, and leaves the stage with an oath on his lips. Gower, who has never met Pistol before, easily sees through the shallowness of his mind. In a long description of him (III, vi, 70-85), he speaks of the "bluff" nature of Pistol in a way that reminds one of similar elements in Falstaff, especially his habits of drinking heavily and uttering oaths promiscuously. In another place, Gower speaks of him as "swelling like a turkey-cock" (V, i, 15). A boy in the play describes his as having a "killing tongue and quiet sword" (III, ii, 37). Falstaffian also are his stealing habits mentioned by him at the point of his leaving the stage for the last time. This final speech pleasantly brings to mind Falstaff's own way of ruminating on the actualities of life:

> *Pistol*: Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
> News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
> Of the malady of France;
> And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
> Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
> Honor is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
> And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
> To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
> And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
> And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. (V, i, 85-94.)

Shakespeare probably intended Pistol to be a second Falstaff in ordinary respects, but not Falstaff in his extraordinary subtlety to deceive others for his own ends.

But, notwithstanding Pistol's lack of intellectual prowess, he holds a middle position in the play. He is highly individualized by not having any sympathy from the others in the play. No one likes his constant ranting, which he applies to everything and everyone (see II, i, 75-83; II, iii, 3-6; III, vi, 26-30; V, i, 19-22). His extravagant use of epithets, tags from current plays, and foreign phrases, makes him despicable in the eyes of others. Gower very fittingly calls him an "arrant counterfeit rascal" (III, vi, 64) and near the end of the play, a "counterfeit cowardly knave" (V, i, 72). All of this, which tends to give him a conspicuous position between both sets of characters, is Shakespeare's treatment of a truly conceited coxcomb. It is his preparation, as in the case of all the other middle characters, for the stroke of ridicule that comes in the last scene in which Pistol appears, a famous scene between Fluellen and Pistol, forming the climax of the humor in the play.

When one has familiarized oneself with the manner in which Falstaff worms out of tight places, just at the point when humiliation faces him, one

sees plainly the blunt edge of Pistol's mind in this famous scene. He did not catch the serious meaning behind the rough language with which the two captains greeted him; and when Fluellen orders him to eat the leek, he does not come down from his conceit as Falstaff would have unhesitatingly done; but, instead, he makes matters worse by a direct insult to the Welshman's national hero: "Not for Cadwallader and all his goats" (V, i, 29). This remark brings blows from Fluellen, and his cowardice is at once exposed. Even at this point, if he were a second Falstaff, he might have handled the situation by some subtle excuse. But Pistol is without any intellectual defense. As an entertainer, he measures only about half of Falstaff, and even at that only the weaker and less interesting half.

VIII

Observations on Shakespeare's characters by eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century writers have in them so much intuitive interpretation that is merely impressionistic, even when coming from such a noble essayist as Hazlitt, that the careful student of to-day is justly suspicious of the application of intuition in attempting to understand what Shakespeare meant in drawing up his characters. Coleridge is one exception, however, as he was rarely gifted in his insight into Shakespearian characterization. Scholars have learned to respect his observations, even when they are mere opinions. Coleridge very keenly says of Falstaff: "He was a man of such pre-eminent abilities as to give him a profound contempt for all those by whom he was usually surrounded." This remark is as accurate as a feeling could be concerning a character of contradictory actions. Falstaff's contempt for everybody about him will be the basis of what will be said here, as it determines his isolation from the other characters and his middle position among them.

Two characters in Shakespeare seem to be so inexhaustible in their power to impress the audience that each person has his own interpretation about their every word and action. Hamlet and Falstaff have always defied analysis. This has naturally resulted not so much from the depth of their minds, as from a superficial contempt they each have for life about them.

Many critics, unable to find a simple purpose running through the illogical actions of Falstaff, fall back on the premise that it is all a true depiction of real life. They are supported by Samuel Johnson's well known criterion of good drama, that it must be "a faithful mirror of manners and of life." So contrary is life to any apparent logic or purpose that Shakespeare was right, so these critics think, in allowing Falstaff to swagger through the plays of

Henry IV with a contempt for his own consistency. But if the dramatist's work were merely to show a slice of life, there would hardly be any need for concentration of interest in situation or character. This extra requirement is all-important as it makes up the artificial or technical side of composition. Real life unimpeded and real life artistically directed are the seemingly illogical requirements of the drama. The incongruous material found in Falstaff, such as his fatness, his intellect, his drunkenness, his wit, his cowardice, his courage, etc., certainly illustrate humanity in the raw state. A structural unity evolving from all this, however, must be more or less evident to be effective art. It is not necessary to look deeply into some half-hidden thoughts to prove the unity. A process of growth usually is all that is necessary. Even if Falstaff's many actions result in nothing, there still must have been some process of character evolution while the dramatist was composing the play. If Falstaff exercised an increasing contempt for everyone around him, as Coleridge thought, that means a certain amount of unconscious structure, solidifying from the liquid life of Falstaff. Coleridge, however, did not investigate to bring out the whole structure of characterization.

Many of Shakespeare's later characters were suggested by similar types previously worked upon. The many studies of Shakespeare's source material reveal that this technique developed along fairly fixed lines. Perhaps this was due to the fixed number of actors in the Shakespearian company for which Shakespeare had to adapt his characters. Portia, for instance, grew out of his previous study of Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Hamlet is traceable back through several characters who were melancholy, such as Jacques in *As You Like It.* Falstaff is clearly definable by placing him at the end of our line of middle characters.

Let us consider the middle position which he holds in the *First Part of Henry the Fourth.* The Prince and Poins are not intimate with Falstaff. The Prince is biding his time while circumstances take shape to call him to Shrewsbury to show us his soldierly ability. Both men keep Falstaff at a distance by calling him coward, laughing at his awkward fatness, and his boastful air. Falstaff's denial of every accusation and his violent language simply raise their merriment to a higher point. After the practical joke has been played upon him, the fat knight never has a good word for the Prince, except on occasions when he seems to be fawning or pretending. Falstaff is a law unto himself, and has no regard for the Prince's opinions, and most certainly hates Poins. The Prince and Poins return this independent, defiant attitude in an uncompromising manner. The undertone of regard and good fellowship

which the knight expresses often for the Prince has no basis in action; and if meant at all, it comes from his shrewdness to hold the Prince's favor for a reward when the old king dies.

The general structural plan, which is important to us, is that he is kept *isolated* from the Prince and his circle. The same is true, in a different way, with regard to the attitude of those in the low-comedy rôles. The Bardolph-Shallow groups half fear and half respect Falstaff. They easily see his follies, but dare not intrude upon a stronger personality, which can turn anything to its own advantage. Falstaff despises Bardolph and the others as nit-wits. They keep their places always as inferiors. The *isolation* of Falstaff is complete, and is emphasized by his strong resourceful mind. He seems satisfied to play his rôle alone. The Prince gives us the right attitude to take toward Falstaff when he sums up matters with the remark: "This is the strangest fellow, brother John" (V, iv, 159).

The rich illusion of life surrounding the person of Falstaff is made possible by his moral non-connection with the others in the play. Shakespeare stuffed contradictory matters into the part so that every possible phase of humanity would reflect in him. He is deep and shallow, broad and narrow, kind and cruel, strong and weak, all apparently at the same time. If Falstaff really had any moral relations with any others in the play this sort of stage figure would have been dramatically impossible. Hamlet, likewise, is so isolated that contradictory actions are interpreted as perfectly human traits. But we know that neiher Hamlet nor Falstaff is a true representative of what a live man is, simply because of this complete isolation.

Falstaff is a grand mixture of Armado, Bottom, Parolles, Malvolio, Toby, and Pistol. As middle characters and isolated figures they have dramatic privileges. The conceit of the coxcomb seems to run through them all. Their impressions are manifold, because the pretentious and deceptive trait of mind in them colors our minds. One can make out of them whatever one wishes. The accumulation of impressions, designed to evoke laughter and entertainment, must have been Shakespeare's main interest.

The isolation of Falstaff puts him in a position of detachment which helps to center our laughter on him. Laughter is said to arise in a mood of detachment. If so, there is in Falstaff's isolation a ready means of venting one's emotions on the least provocation of word or action. So many of these pro-

vocations occur that the reason is entirely dethroned and laughter is unrestrained. The isolation, therefore, is a part of dramatic structure; while the many contradictory actions emanating from him give a total illusion of real life. Hence, Shakespeare's art itself, tending both toward artificial or structural isolation on the one hand, and intimate likelife actions on the other, moves in two seemingly contradictory directions. But it splendidly serves the dramatist's purpose of concentrating attention on Falstaff and keeping him in the stress-position.

The proper classification of Falstaff is to regard him as an *atmosphere* character, who, as he moves ahead with the dogged purpose of keeping Prince Hal's good-will at any price, trails behind him clouds of thought and action that are perplexingly incongruous. The atmosphere of life is the truest picture of life itself, as it is a mass of subordinate actions without the unity of a directing ideal. The realistic and romantic ingredients of Falstaff's world cannot be separated. If Falstaff had ideals we could at once understand him. A man enters upon a great mental adventure when he casts ideals to the winds, as Falstaff did, to betray to others his delight in unrestrained good fellowship, adventurous robberies, subtle lies, and blustering talk. Falstaff designed to awaken the interest of a Prince who, though momentarily lax, was not as unprincipled as he thought. Alas, for Falstaff! The Prince at the end points out in plain terms a higher way of living:

> I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;
> But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.
> Make less thy body hence, and more thy grave. (2H. IV, V, v, 51-56.)

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Lord Cobham and the Mirror for Magistrates

By MARION ANSEL TAYLOR

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF may have begun his roystering stage career by offending the Puritanic Lord Cobham.[1] If so, he was probably not the only character in sixteenth-century literature to do so, for there seems to be evidence that the portrait of the wicked Duchess of Gloucester in the *Mirror for Magistrates* was anything but pleasing to the proud Elizabethan noble. The story is one of sixteenth-century censorship and intrigue.

Miss Lily Campbell recently reopened an old problem presented by a study of the various editions of the *Mirror* when she said,

> The most complicated bibliographical problem of the *Mirror* has centered about the tragedies of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and Elianor, his wife.[2]

In 1554-1555,[3] during the reign of Queen Mary, appeared the first edition of this exceedingly popular book. The government, which censored such chronicles as those of Fabyan, Hall and Holinshed,[4] seized this metrical history with a moral, under the direction of Chancellor Stephen Gardiner.[5] In 1559, however, Queen Elizabeth permitted a second edition to appear.[6]

Since over half of the poems of the *Mirror* dealt with personages prominent in the Wars of the Roses, it is not surprising to find the following entry in "The Contents and Table of the Booke" of the 1559 edition:

> Good duke Hunfrey murdered, and
> Elianor Cobham his wife banished.[7]

Furthermore, this conversation takes place after the story of the Scotch King, James I:

> Therefore returne wee to the rest of the tragicall troubles and broyles which happened in this realme during the minority of king *Henry* the sixt, and the sondry falls and ouerthrowes of great princes and other noble persons happening thereby. Weil

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[1] R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan, *The Works of Shakespeare: The First Part of Henry the Fourth,* (London, Methuen, 1925), x-xii; R. P. Cowl, *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,* xvi, xxx-xxii; C. M. Ingleby, L. Toulmin Smith, F. J. Furnivall and others, *Shakespeare Allusion Book,* (New York, Duffield, 1909), *passim.*

[2] Lily B. Campbell, "Mirror for Magistrates," *The Times Literary Supplement,* June 30, 1932, p. 480.

[3] For a discussion of the date of the first edition, see W. F. Trench, *A Mirror for Magistrates: Its Origin and Influence,* cited in J. W. Cunliffe, "A Mirror for Magistrates," *Cambridge History of English Literature,* III, 218; and Joseph Haslewood, editor, *Mirror for Magistrates,* (London, 1815), I, xvii.

[4] See articles, "Robert Fabyan," "Edward Hall," and "Raphael Holinshed," *DNB.*

[5] Haslewood, *op. cit.,* xvii notes:

> Baldwin in his dedicatory epistle to the 1559 edition says:
> 'The wurke was begun, & part of it printed iiii years
> agoe, but hyndred by the Lord Chancellor that then was.'
> This hindrance must have arisen from the rigour of Stephen Gardiner, who died, Chancellor, in November, 1555.

See also *ibid.,* iii. We recall that James I was responsible for significant changes in the 1610 edition. *Cf.* substitution of *foes* for *Scots* in the story of Northumberland, *ibid.,* II, 78-84.

[6] *Ibid.,* I, xvii n.; and xviii.

[7] *Ibid.,* I, xxviii and I, lll n.; Campbell, *loc. cit.,* 480.

> sayd (qd maister Ferrers) as it happeneth I haue penned here two notable tragedies, the one of *Humfrey* duke of Glocester, the other of the duchess Elianor his wife, wich (as mee seemeth) be two of the most memorable matter fortuning in that time: but whether of them is to be placed first in the order of our booke, I somwhat stand in doubt. For albeit the sayd duke's death happened before the deceasse of the duches, yet was her fall first, which finally was cause of both. Why should you doubt then (quod the rest of the company) for seeing the cause doth alwayes goe before th' effect and sequell of anything, it is good reason you should begin with her first. And therefore wee pray you let vs heare first what shee hath to say: for all this while we haue not heard the complyant of any lady or other woman.[8]

With such promises, we look in vain here for the "legends." Likewise, they were absent from the editions of 1563, 1571, 1574, and 1575.[9] Indeed, it was not until 1578, nineteen years after they were promised, that these two tragedies appeared, and then under peculiar circumstances. In the hitherto accepted edition of that year the table of contents listed only Humphrey; his story appeared in the place where prose links of former editions had announced him; but the story of Eleanor Cobham following his was unindexed and was certainly after-inserted. Miss Campbell, at work in the Huntington Library, has come across a different version of the 1578 edition, quite clearly a first issue, in which only the tragedy of the Duke appears.[10]

What was the reason for the nineteen year delay in publishing these tragedies, and why should one issue of the 1578 edition insert without indexing, apparently adding in haste, the tragedy of Eleanor Cobham?

Let us turn to the work itself. The title promises *How Dame Elianor Cobham Duchesse of Gloucester, for practising of Witchcraft and Sorcery, suffered open penaunce, and after was banished the realme into the Ile of Man*—charges horrible to a sixteenth-century Englishman, who firmly believed in black magic and Doctor Dee. Eleanor begins her account of disaster resulting from that vice specifically warned against in the preface, overweening pride:

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[8] Haslewood, *op. cit.*, II, lll. Haslewood does not give an exact transcript of the 1559 prose link but says that "the interlocutory connection" is nearly the same as the above, namely that of the 1587 edition. See *ibid.*, II, lll, n. l. Miss Campbell, *loc. cit.*, 480, says concerning this point: "Haslewood in his edition of 1815 shows by his collation that he had before him a copy of the 1559 edition, which reproduced the version of the prose link here used in the cancel of the 1578 edition. No modern scholar has cared to suggest that Haslewood's copy was not as he said it was, for his statement is explicit and his collation of the first part of the link definite. Yet if this copy is still in existence it remains unknown."

[9] Haslewood, *op. cit.*, I, xviii-xvi. See *ibid.*, I, xxvi for a discussion of the 1574 and 1575 issues.

[10] Campbell, *loc. cit.*, 480. Haslewood, *op. cit.*, I, xxvii apparently alludes to this first issue but states he has never seen it.

The prouerbe true, that pride will haue a fall.[11]
How I, a duches, destitute of grace,
Haue found by proofe, as many haue and shall

She next acknowledges her doubtful parentage in too candid a manner for a sensitive descendent.

A noble prince extract of royall blood,
Humfrey, sometime protector of this land,
Of *Glocester* duke, for vertue calde, the good,
When I but base beneath his state did stand,
Vouchsafte with me to ioyne in wedlocke's band,
Hauing in court no name of high degree,
But Elinor Cobham, as parents left to mee.[12]

Later she confesses her arrogant behavior.

Thus of a damsell [a] dutchesse I became,
My state and place aduanced next the queene,
Whereby me thought I felt no ground, but swam,
For in the court mine equall was not seene,
And so possest with pleasure of the spleene,
The sparkes of pride so kindled in my brest,
That I in court would shine aboue the rest.

. . .

Thus hoisted high vppon the rolling wheele,
I sate so sure, mee thought I could not reele.
And weening least that fortune hath a turne,
I look'd aloft, and would not looke alow,
The brondes of pride so in my brest did burne
As the hot sparkes, burst forth in open show
And more and more the fire began to glowe
Without quenching, and daily did encrease,
Till fortune's blasts with shame did make it cease.[13]

Not satisfied with her position, Eleanor aims at the throne.

For not content to be a duchesse great,
I longed sore to bear the name of queene,
Aspiring still vnto a higher seat,
And with that hope my selfe did ouerweene,
Since there was none, which that time was betweene
Henrie the king, and my good duke his eame,
Heyre to the crowne and kingdome of this realme.[14]

Such a desire marks her downfall, for in order to remove Henry VI, the sole obstacle in the path of her husband's claim to the throne, she secures the aid

[11] *Ibid.*, 112.
[12] *Ibid.*, 112.
[13] *Ibid.*, 113-114.
[14] *Ibid.*, II, 115.

of a sorcerer, a witch and a conjurer, who plan to effect the death of the young king by burning his effigy and leaguing with evil spirits. All four are discovered, and the three accomplices are condemned to death. Eleanor, however, is saved from the gallows because of her rank, but she is meted a punishment worse than hanging. The poem describes in detail her sad plight as, barefoot and clothed only in a sheet, she is forced to do penance by walking the streets of London. Her sad husband, powerless to aid her, can only look on helplessly. Finally, she is banished to life imprisonment on the Isle of Man. Even with death in lonely captivity, however, her infamy does not cease. She laments that

> Death (as 'tis said) doth set all things at rest,
> Which fell not so in mine unhappy case:
> For since my death, mine enmies made a jest
> In minstrel's rymes, mine honour to deface:
> And then to bring my name in more disgrace,
> A song was made in manner of a laye,
> Which old wiues sing of mee vnto this day.[15]

The story of Humphrey is, for the most part, less objectionable than that of Eleanor. The cause of his downfall is pictured as being effected largely through the machinations of Cardinal Beaufort and other enemies, although his misplaced ambitions are largely responsible for engendering their hatred. However, nine stanzas relate the crimes of Eleanor, her desire to occupy the throne, and her association with sorcery. Humphrey, throughout, admires her charm, but admits her guilt.[16]

These two accounts, then, so long withheld, tell of an infamous Cobham ancestress. Knowing the eagerness of the Kentish family to padlock family skeletons, we turn to their activities during these years.

After the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the story of William Brooke, seventh Lord Cobham, was one of increasing favoritism, yet so troublesome were the times that at least twice during the 1570's he experienced the Queen's displeasure. In 1572, a year in which no edition of the *Mirror* appeared, he was temporarily confined in the Tower on suspicion of plotting to wed Mary Stuart to the Duke of Norfolk.[17] Nevertheless, he successfully weathered that storm and found himself basking once more in the Queen's thin-lipped smiles. On June 15, 1578, however, Lord Cobham accompanied Secretary Walsingham on an ill-fated diplomatic mission to the Low Coun-

[15] *Ibid.*, II, 119.
[16] *Ibid.*, II, 138-140.
[17] S. L. Lee, article "Henry Brooke, eighth Lord Cobham," *DNB.*

tries.[18] The Queen early showed dissatisfacttion with their efforts and by the 16th of August had angrily condemned many of their actions.[19] They returned in October to reap debt and disapproval.[20] Sometime during that same year appeared the two issues of the *Mirror,* the one bearing only the story of Humphrey, the other inserting the unlovely Cobham portrait.[21] We have already seen the *Mirror* subservient to the Crown, when a Chancellor suppressed it. Does it not seem plausible that a favored lord, whom we know to have been sensitive on the subject of his ancestry, persuaded the Queen to have matters distasteful to him omitted; but when he suffered his monarch's displeasure and consequently lost her protection, he was powerless to prevent an enterprising printer from giving the long-withheld tragedies to the public, first the less objectionable story of Humphrey and then the much more unpleasant tale of Eleanor Cobham?

Similar omissions of the Somerset tragedy from early editions of the *Mirror* help to reinforce such argument. As Profesor J. W. Cunliffe has already pointed out:

> In the Shore's Wife end-link (Q2), the tragedy of Somerset was . . . mentioned, and presumably . . , was in existence in the reign of Philip and Mary, for a place was left for it in the first quarto, although it was not published until the second quarto.[22]

Certainly the Somerset story must have been ready for the 1559 edition because there is definite mention of it in the prose link preceding the legend of Plantagenet Duke of York:

> . . . yf no man haue any mind to any of these noble personages because they were honourably slaine in battayle, let sum man els take the booke, for I mynde to say sum what of this duke of Somerset.[23]

The legend did not appear, however, until the edition of 1563.

In the meantime, the Elizabethan claimant to the title of Duke of Somerset was suffering significant reverses of fortune. Despite his father's difficulties, Edward Seymour (1539?-1621), Earl of Hertford, and later *de jure* Duke of Somerset, seems to have had the favor of his sovereigns for a time.

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[18] Conyers Read, *Mr Secretary Walsingham and the Policy of Queen Elizabeth,* (Oxford, Clarendon, 1925), I, 383-4. Lee, *loc. cit.,* who says this mission was undertaken in 1579, is in error.

[19] Read, *op cit.,* I, 393-95, 420.

[20] Apparently there was a third issue that year entitled *The Second parte of the mirrour of Magistrates conteyninge the fall of the infortunate prynces of this Land from the conquest of Caesar vnto the commynge of Duke William the Conqueror* (see Edward Arber, *A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London,* 1554-1640, London, 1875, II, 323; and Haslewood, *op. cit.,* I, xxvii), but since it dealt only with historical characters before the Conquest it is not pertinent to the discussion. It is significant, however, that neither the *First Part* of the *Mirror* nor the *Last Part,* namely the two issues discussed, were registered that year.

[22] *Cambridge History of English Literature,* III, 221.

[23] Haslewood, *op. cit.,* II, 166.

He had been educated with Prince Edward and knighted at his coronation, being then styled Earl of Hertford. When the elder Seymour was executed for felony on January 21, 1551-2, Seymour's dignities and estates were unaffected at first and by lawful right he should have been given the title, Duke of Somerset. Since he was a minor, his enemies interfered and he lost his titles and much of his land. Edward VI befriended him, however, recovering part of his properties for him; during the first session of Mary's reign, she restored him in blood. Two months after Elizabeth's accession he was granted the lands which had belonged to his Protestant father and was created Baron Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford. Fortune was benevolent until he committed that sin unpardonable to the jealous Queen. He secretly married the noblewoman, Lady Catherine Grey, in November or December, 1560, and on August of that year he returned from France to be thrown into the Tower with his wife. Upon the birth of a second son there (February 10, 1562-3), Elizabeth's anger knew no bounds and she fined him the extortionate sum of £15,000.[24] Likewise committed to the Tower was one John Hales, who had printed a pamphlet sanctioning Seymour's marriage and asserting his wife's claim to the royal succession if Elizabeth should die childless.[25] It was not until several years after the death of his wife that Seymour regained his liberty.

Omission of the Somerset story from the 1555 and 1559 editions of the *Mirror* would seem far from accidental. We recall that the aim of the book was to point a moral to the reader by showing him a mirror in which he might see all vices,[26] particularly ambition, that

> immoderate desire of honour, rule dominion, and superioritie, (the very distruction of nobility and commonweales . . .) hath brought decay to our cotrey, and countreymen.[27]

Certainly the story of Duke Somerset, unfortunate though he is, is an unlovely tale of ambition such as no Elizabethan claimant of the title would care to have published.[28] While Seymour enjoyed the Queen's favor, the story did not appear in the *Mirror,* although apparently it had been written. In 1563, however, when Seymour was lying disgraced in the Tower, the Somerset

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[24] A. F. Pollard, "Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford (1539?-1621)," *DNB.*
[25] The Rev. Canon Dixon, "John Hales or Hayles," *DNB.*
[26] Haslewood, *up. cit.,* II, 5.
[27] *Ibid.,* I, 5.
[28] Undoubtedly Edward Seymour was considered Duke of Somerset during this period because no one else bore the titl until 1588.

tragedy appeared. I cannot believe that this was mere coincidence.[29]

To recapitulate, if these suppressions in the *Mirror* were governed by politics, we touch upon a fascinating new chapter in the history of Elizabethan censorship. Furthermore, we see this new chapter link itself with Shakespeare; for Lord Cobham, it seems, not only tried to disown mad Jack Falstaff, but the beautiful, wicked Duchess of Gloucester as well.

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[29] Likewise interesting is the fact that the story of *The Wilfull Fall of the blacke Smith, and the foolishe ende of the Lord Awdeley* apparently was withheld until 1563 (see Cunliffe, *loc. cit.*, III, 221). George Touchet, the Elizabethan Lord Audley, died in 1560, leaving his son Henry, apparently young at this time, as his heir. [See Arthur Collins, *Peerage of England* (London, 1768), VI, 516-17.] Did the printers withhold the tragedy from the 1559 edition in deference to Lord Audley and then print it in 1563 because the old Lord was dead and his son and successor did not or could not suppress it?

Editorial Notes

OUR FIRST DECADE

Ten years ago, stimulated by the Tercentenary of the First Folio and by a growing sense of need and opportunity, a group of men and women devoted to the fostering of all things Shakespearean established this Association under the leadership of Ashley H. Thorndike.

In the first issue of the BULLETIN (June, 1924) President Thorndike declared:

"The magnitude and difficulty of this undertaking are apparent, but the need for such an organization has long been felt. In spite of our regard for Shakespeare he has received little public recognition in this country. There are no funds to encourage Shakespearean scholarships or publication of scholarly works. There is no Shakespearean theatre, no playhouse regularly devoting a part of the time to his plays. There is no Shakespeare journal, no adequate Shakespeare bibliography. Though there are a few monuments there is no national memorial. In this and other respects the United States has lagged far behind England or Germany."

It is this reproach which the Association has tried to remove, this opportunity which the Shakespeare Association of America has striven to realize. For ten years now since the legal incorporation on November 3, 1923, our organization has striven, within the limits of its resources, to carry out its high purpose, to be a national spokesman for Shakespeare.

Under the stimulus of a group of devoted workers in New York many persons in many states have contributed their efforts to the cause. Hundreds of inquiries have been efficiently answered by our beloved secretary now in retirement, Myra B. Martin. The vital yet often thankless burden of the national membership committee has been borne by Mr. Heine. The annual bibliography compiled by Dr. Tannenbaum has established a unique and permanent place for itself throughout the world. The quarterly BULLETIN has served as a medium for reflecting a wide range of Shakespearean interests. The annual dinners at the National Arts Club, with their brilliant programs, have been truly memorable tributes to the poet.

More than a thousand men and women have joined our fellowship, and some thirty local clubs have become affiliated with the national body. All in all, the response to the opportunity as presented has been widespread and cordial.

In this varied accomplishment our members may take no little satisfaction.

THE NEXT DECADE — AND OPPORTUNITY

Yet only the foundations have been laid. The professed aims of the Association, ambitious indeed but not too pretentious, are still ideals demanding achievement. Our academic relations are reasonably adequate. But what of our cooperative relations with the schools of Amer-

ica, through the National Council of Teachers of English, the National Educational Association, and other similar organizations? And with the National Federation of Women's Clubs? What of our relations to the army of adults continuing their educational opportunities, and to the libraries of the country? And how can we best encourage the stage production of Shakespeare, amateur and professional — in the largest sense — a field of unlimited challenge? How, in a word, can we best popularize Shakespeare in America?

The activity implied in these questions we cannot ignore as the working program of our second decade. After ten years of experiment and much effort by various individuals and national committees, we are forced to the conclusion that such activity cannot become effective unless centered in an adequately supported office. In some way the funds for such headquarters must be found.

THE PRESENT NEED

In the meantime we appeal to our members to continue their prompt support and to interest others in associating themselves with us. As explained in the April issue we have no alternative to the increase of minimum dues to two dollars a year, since the cost of printing and mailing the BULLETIN is much more than the former dollar fee provides. We are confident that our members will understand this situation.

The present combination of the July and October issues of the BULLETIN is a significant indication of financial necessity which makes such economy imperative. The officers deeply regret this temporary measure of curtailment and hope it will never again be necessary. Quite frankly, the financial condition of the Association, while not desperate, is somewhat critical. But we are happy to announce that the publication of the annual bibliography as the January issue in 1934 is entirely assured.

RECENT MEETINGS

Two important meetings of the Board of Directors were held this fall, one on September 23 at the office of Dr. Tannenbaum, attended by nine members; the other on September 27 at the National Arts Club, attended by twelve members. Just before the latter Honorable James M. Beck was the guest of honor at a tea given by the officers and directors.

All the immediate problems of the Association are receiving earnest attention. Particularly is the difficult task of electing Dr. Thorndike's successor engaging the best thought of the Board.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Romantic Footnote on Destiny (*The Tempest*)

By MAX I. BAYM

IN spite of the fact that he felt his literary or dramatic revels were now (*c.* 1611) ended, William Shakespeare sat down to write by way of epilogue, as it were, what turned out to be a romantic comedy with tragic adumbrations. He had just completed a period of intense application to the production of profound tragedies and it was not to be expected that he could free himself entirely from the tragic mood that had held him throughout that period. The sense of achievement slipping into the hands of "younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death"; the inescapableness of the 'fog and filthy air' of daily struggle; the hunger for the 'moody food' of music in the midst of contemporary dissonance; the attempt to scan the 'cunning'st pattern of excelling nature'; often feeling himself 'of the faction that is wrong'd,' yet big enough to disclaim 'from a purpos'd evil'; frequently asking people what they 'think of life,' knowing full well that, at best, all they can do is 'Think, and die';—all these things he had been ruminating both as man and as dramatic artist, and they came trailing after him into the very framework of the dramatic structure into which he was now venturing: *The Tempest.* But at the last, though his speech was still passion, he wished to 'stir no embers up.' Romantic-comedy could well serve the evasion;—and it did, admirably.

Many sources have, of course, been suggested for the play in question. Books on travel, dealing especially with contemporary mishaps at sea; Montaigne's *Essays,* and, as usual, Ovid, have been adduced to show where the dramatist got his "materials." Not long ago, Mr. Rudyard Kipling (in a letter to the Spectator) added his suggestions as to 'How Shakespeare came to write *The Tempest.*' And Professor Thorndike thought so well of that letter that he prefaced it with an introduction two and a half times the length of the text. To put it briefly, Kipling contends that Shakespeare got the substantiating facts for *The Tempest* from a half-drunken sailor freshly blown into London town. Overhearing his chatter about some recent adventures to which he (the sailor) had been a party, the dramatist proceeded to get him completely drunk and in the process learned all he wished to know for the play he was about to write. And Kipling adds, "A story to be truly miraculous must be ballasted with facts." A drunken Stephano (from real life) supplied the ballast . . . Besides, Mr. Kipling assures us that he has himself visited the very

place where "coral rock, battered by the sea, rings hollow with *strange sounds,* answered by the winds in the little cramped valleys." What further proof, then, can one wish?

But, after all, the main business of the play is that of Prospero, and that, in its dramatic totality, transcends (obviously) the scattered facts brought in from books or from the volubility of a 'half-tipsy sailor.' Is it creditable to the artistic genius of Shakespeare at end-career to find in *The Tempest* the work of an artificer, throwing together one more dramatic structure with lumber brought in from the outside and with a skill merely acquired in a long-practiced trade? Art, we need hardly be reminded, is something more than compilation; it is expression. The young uninitiated artist starts in with the lyrical expression of his isolated self, that the world has no time for; the mature artist ends with the dramatic expression of a self the world must listen to, for in doing so it overhears its own lyrical cry of travail and joy. Again, the young poet (or dramatist) naively believes that wisdom can be gleaned from without,—hence his attention to externality; the tried, experienced poet knows that the mine lies within and that to know and reveal the 'thee' within the 'me' is wisdom enough. Thus, universal internality is conditioned by the very course of artistic development toward maturity, wherever that maturity has its issue in significant expression. It was more than a facile rhyme that prompted one poet's injunction to himself, to look in his heart and write. By 1611, then, we are dealing with a supreme poet-dramatist who has found 'a world outside the world,'* and who, in the guise of Prospero, turns back for a moment, to write, as it were, a footnote on 'the one impulse of life that death is afraid of, the unsubstantial fictions of the heart'* . . . At last he sees himself, in Faustian fashion, as the scholar-magician, who, besides controlling the tempest (of life), has succeeded in freeing Ariel (his genius) from the foul witch Sycorax (the mother of Caliban, the besotted mob of London).

It is a far cry from *The Tempest* to *Faust,* both in time and in degree of artistic attainment; yet, as documents displaying the perennial thirst of man to master the secrets of Nature for the purposes of ultimate knowledge and ultimate power over it, the one seems to point back to the other, and both display the dramatic titanism of the respective authors. From the vantage point of a post-Kantian, sophisticated and half-tired world, Faust looks out upon the darkness and begs for 'light, more light.' From the viewpoint of an Elizabethan, Machiavellian world, *The Tempest* subsides in the vision of a 'brave, new world.'

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* Humbert Wolfe.